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# DRUMMER

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ISSUE 40  
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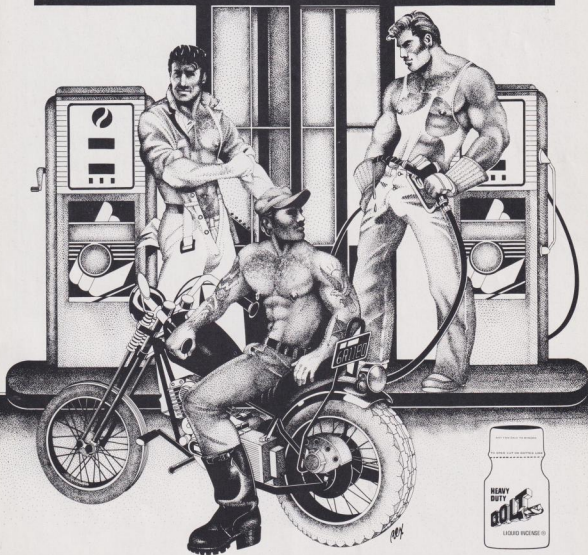
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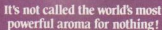
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# DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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## DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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# GETTING OFF

## DON'T CALL IT GAY!

The single biggest complaint we hear from our hardest-core readers and fans is over the use of the word 'gay' to describe any number of same-sex orientated sex acts or same-sex orientated persons.

"Call it something else . . . call it anything else . . . but stop calling it gay and stop referring to men who have sex with other men as gays!" That's the demand.

If you ask one of the vocal just what it is that is so objectionable in the word gay, you'll get as many answers as there are people to ask. Everybody hates that word for some reason or another, or so it would seem. On the surface, all the objections sound valid. After all, we have an inherent right to be called by whatever name we wish. And across the board, we should respect other's wishes enough to call them by the title, handle, reference, or classification they have individually selected.

Some men want to be called *leather-men*. Some want to be called *studs*, as in: "He's really a stud!" Some men would like to be known or referred to as *Tops*, or *Masters*, or *Bottoms*, or *Slaves*. And that's fine, and it's valid, and it works — on a one-to-one basis.

But the difficulty comes when you (or we) have to refer to a whole *class* of men which are not all tops or bottoms or slaves or masters or leathermen. Some of our readers aren't even men. And, so we've been told, a small percentage of them aren't even *gay*.

Now the most obvious classifications start downward from a pyramid whose crown is: people. You can have *Drummerpeople*, *Leatherpeople*, *Uniformpeople*, ad nauseum. The first would refer only to people who read *Drummer*, the second to people who read *Drummer* and wore leather or who wore leather but did not necessarily read *Drummer*, and the third would follow suit, except that some of the *Uniformpeople* might also be into leather (which could also happen in reverse with the second group), creating *Uniformleatherpeople* or *Leatheruniformpeople* depending on which came first.

You can see how complicated this new vocabulary is becoming, and we haven't even touched *Fist Fucking*, *Sado-Masochism*, *Bondage*, *Shaving*, *Watersports* — plus any possible combination of the above.

And even the concept of finding other names to call each other in the pages of *Drummer* doesn't begin to settle on a possible name to call those people who have sex with people of the same-sex when referring to those people as a class outside the context of the magazine you are holding in your hands.

Perhaps us and them?

Of course, it would have to be understood that *them* was basically us once removed. Then, at least, we would have a form of journalistic elitism that would, along with confusing a lot of people, please those people who wish to be separated from the mass of *gays* by hook or crook.

And let's face it, that's what it's all about, isn't it — finding some way to make yet one more distinction between one group of men and another. Cross cultural discrimination.

Personally, I like words like *faggot* and *cocksucker* and *queer*. There is a sense of power in a gay man using any one of those words that is lacking in the word 'gay'. No matter how you pronounce it, *gay* doesn't have the political, social, or sexual defiance of *faggot*, *cocksucker* or *queer* hurled right back into the face of mainstream social consciousness. But those three words deeply offend gays — who unfortunately have not learned the lesson of the Black power movement.

The lesson? Take a word of oppression and use it as your own paean of power.

Why does there need to even exist a word or name for the people we are talking about? It's simple. Even to ourselves we often want and need to make a distinction between the men who love other men and the rest of the cosmos. It's important to be able to make a cultural distinction, lest we become overrun by the mass and absorbed into the organism of *society*. If there's anything we don't want to be known as, it's 'just one of the folk'. Nothing could or should be further from the truth. We're anything but 'one of the folks'. We're in a much different place about ourselves, our lives, and how we're going to lead them. Let us never be mistaken for *heterosexuals*.

But back to homosexuals, a word intolerable for its clinical application and misuse. Homosexual means simply *man sex*. It has only been convoluted to mean *cocksucker*, *faggot* and *queer*. And gay — that great offensive three-letter-word.

Any suggestions that make sense? Any suggestions what simple tag can be applied and used for any number of men into any number of sexual activities — that is soundly based on some principal of language?

Gay is indeed a metaphor, like *maricon*, *samsexemulo*, *pouster*, *poufs* and the infinite variety of real and slang expressions used to describe men who love men — and it may not be the best possible word. It will just have to do until a better one comes along.

— John W. Rowberry

# MALECALL

## DRUMMER SUMMER

As a long time reader of your magazine and somewhat into S&M, leather, etc., I was sorry I had to be out of town almost throughout June and miss all the wonderful activities under your magazine's auspices for your fifth anniversary.

Fortunately for me, Mister Marcus' column in *B.A.R.* brought me up to date on all your events. I even went to the Headquarters the week before the Art Show closed. I am livid for having missed the Mr. South of Market contest too — but business is business and I was subjected to the heat of Dallas, Arkansas and other southwestern bergs while you and all of South of Market were having fun.

Anyway, congratulations on your fifth year.

S. Armamino  
San Francisco, CA

## SHAVED AGAIN!

I realize that this is written from a biased viewpoint, but feel that I should make a point — for body-shaving!

I have been shaving guys' bodies for years, some of whom I have conned into letting me put them into spreadeagle bondage and then taking it off against their wishes! Almost invariably these (formerly) hairy guys look into the mirror when I've finished with them and really "get off" on their new look! I've also discovered that the guys with the most body hair are the ones who want it taken off to a greater percentage than the less hairy guys.

Who needs body hair anyway? When a guy with shaved pubes, etc. screws a guy with a shaved ass the sensation of having the two bare skins rubbing together is fantastic! You can't know until you've tried it!

It's a known fact that bodybuilders shave, especially before an exhibition in order to better show their development. I've noticed that circus performers who work stripped to the waist are also almost invariably shaved. Why shouldn't all men do the same — especially gay guys who probably get more body exposure than straights?

I've realized during the past few years that more and more gay guys are either shaving themselves or having their buddies do it for them. Maybe there is a growing realization that they look sexier that way. I think they do!

As to shaved heads — especially the guy with a good round head who is going bald — can look fantastic if he keeps his head shaved rather than trying to grow it long on the remaining fringe around the edges! I have shaved many heads and if the guy has a beard, I usually leave some of it on. It seems to add to the image.

Give it a try you balding guys, you might be surprised at how much better you make out!

Keep those shaving articles and letters coming, DRUMMER. You're on the right track!

Master-Shaver Ross,  
Upper Darby, PA

## AND AGAIN!

The photos of the ass-shaving at The Handball Express in DRUMMER No. 37 were interesting, although my ass never needs shaving — don't have any hair there. But if you do, the ass should be shaved regularly. Who wants a lot of hair in the mouth while rimming?

The main point of this is that assholes don't show up well in photographs. I use red vegetable dye all around my asshole to show it off for the photoman. In color this looks real good; in black and white it looks too much like blood. Of course you've got to spread your cheeks wide open with your hand while the camera zooms in on your hungry asshole. And believe it, the use of red vegetable dye greatly stimulates the cocks out there in . . . oh, Iowa. For black and white, you can use a Hershey bar to line the asshole.

Just a free tip from a still-working sex artist!

Greg  
San Francisco, CA

## BOOTS OR ELSE

What I particularly liked about DRUMMER No. 38 was the rubber boots (almost hip), all the leather and high boots in "I Was Window Shopping in Chicago."

What I'd like to see more of in the future: High boots, Leather breeches, Bikes, Tattoos, Piercings, and Domino's artwork.

Biker  
Shavertown, PA

## DRUMMER BOUND?

I am an avid reader of your magazine and have been for two years now, and have all your back issues. But I have a problem — storing them.

I have noticed that some of the other gay magazines offer binders or cases for storing that particular magazine on a bookshelf. My suggestion is why don't you do the same. I enjoy DRUMMER and would like to be able to keep them neat and be able to maintain them for the years to come.

Keep up the good work!

Chico  
Kansas City, MO

(Editor's Note: We are looking into both storage varieties, binders and cases, and will announce their availability in our pages soon.)

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*A conversation between Sam Hardison and Cal Selfridge of the Robert Samuel Gallery; Lou Weingarden of Stompers Gallery; and John Preston on erotic photography, photographers, exhibitions, pornography and the trends for the future.*

JOHN: Robert Samuel began with a mix of painting, drawing and photography. But Stompers didn't include photography until this past year.

LOU: And now about a third of our work is photography.

SAM: We had about half our work. Now we've decided to open a second gallery in October that will be devoted exclusively to photography. When we first opened Robert Samuel Gallery we wondered if there'd be enough work for one gallery. Now . . . a couple of months ago we were planning our next season and we discovered that we can't do all that deserves doing even if we alternated

photography and paintings and drawings.

CAL: Actually, we had to make the decision to open a strictly photographic gallery, Robert Samuel Photography.

SAM: It was a consideration. It's harder to find extremely good painters than extremely good photographers. There's an enormous amount of work dealing with the figure — male and female — going on in photography. The surprising thing is that there are an awful lot of people — men *and* women, straight *and* gay — dealing with male nudes. I think a lot of it has to do with the growing acceptance of male sexuality in movies,

ad campaigns . . .

LOU: And because it hasn't been wrung dry by tradition. There are only a couple of periods in history where male nudes have been exploited as subject matter for painting whereas female nudes are more traditionally acceptable. Artists in recent decades have considered male nudes an "academic" undertaking.

SAM: Photographers changed that. The painters wouldn't have changed it this quickly — it's the photographers who're doing it. There was an article by John Perrault in a recent Soho Weekly News where he made a statement . . .

CAL: . . . "There is no true gay art" . . .



**ART AT THE RAZOR'S EDGE  
EROTIC  
PHOTO  
GRAPHY**



SAM: Of course, he doesn't acknowledge photography as an art form, he's talking about painters.

CAL: He was saying that gay art was being pushed as a result of our coming out as a subculture. He said he didn't consider anything subcultural to be valid. LOU: That's preposterous. Art flows into the mainstream from subcultures...

CAL: ...Exactly...

LOU: Religious subcultures, nationalistic subcultures, sexual subcultures...

JOHN: There was another article in the *Soho* by Bob Pierce. He wrote about the Tom of Finland show at Robert Samuel. As I recall, he was coming from a totally different point of view by saying that gay art was losing its impact as it became *less* subcultural — as more techniques are brought to bare, less content is being paid attention to.

CAL: I suppose the more something is accepted by the society at large, it does

lose some impact. For us, for instance, our customers are no longer just gay men. The male nude is losing some of its drama. Now we have many more women coming into the gallery.

LOU: What it really means is that someone like Bob Pierce must now confront someone like Tom of Finland less as a secret iconography of a small society and apply general terms of criticism to him. Tom stands up. Perhaps there are others of that school who are more questionable.

JOHN: Gay men have been using male nude photography as pornography for years. I wonder how much of the "art" photography of the male nude we're seeing today is an evolution out of Colt and Target as opposed to a broadening of content matter by a photographer like Mapplethorpe, who after all made his name originally with still lifes. For instance, Philip Beard: Here is a heavily

sexual photographer whose work is fairly well accepted as "good" work. Is his product the subject matter of Colt and Target risen up to another level because of his technique or is he a photographer who today has been able to change the content?

CAL: That's a very difficult question to answer. A lot of the better photographers we see in the gallery are successful photographers who are allowing their once secret male nude work to surface. At the same time people like Mapplethorpe *may* have been influenced by Colt...

LOU: ...or Tom of Finland.

SAM: When we were growing up and coming out we grew into an acceptance of physical objects whether in dirty magazines or whatever. I grew up in Tennessee, Mapplethorpe grew up in Brooklyn, and someone else grew up in California. We were all looking at the

*Rubber Man, 1977, Robert Mapplethorpe*



same images. But who knows how we each saw those images. What did we each do with them? I don't think we can know. There are literally hundreds of photographers being represented by galleries in New York alone. The very difficult question is when do they become fine art products. I don't think we can answer that very clearly about the New York photographers. I can't define it. There are though, photographers who because of their printing technique or their styling or whatever become very much their own person with a camera.

LOU: Also, there's prejudice anyway against photography because the high priests of art are very wary of mechanical things. For instance, in music the electric piano is simply dismissed as an instrument.

SAM: And everyone owns a camera — whether it's a Brownie or a Nikon or whatever. So everyone can take a photo-

graph. Kodak can develop it. Even the photographers we handle don't do all their own developing so that darkroom is not necessarily part of their product. Most do, and none use Kodak, don't misunderstand me, but not all — Arthur Tress doesn't do any of his own developing, for instance; he has someone else handle most of that.

JOHN: So one problem with how photography is perceived as an art form is that it's too accessible?

LOU: Well, every child draws in kindergarten too.

JOHN: And is more aware of his or her limitations.

LOU: Only if the teacher tells them.

CAL: The camera hasn't been taken seriously. When it became so accessible people didn't think it would be an art form that would be enduring. Since everyone could do it, there was no validity in many people's minds. It's clearer

to people what makes a child's drawing different from a Rembrandt than what makes snapshots different from fine art photography.

LOU: What we haven't mentioned so far are the journalistic roots of photography. It is an attempt to capture *real* things...

CAL: ... To capture a moment...

LOU: ... a moment, just a moment. The greatest photographs are those that capture in that moment enough kinetic energy of some sort to project the action of the photography forward in time, or perhaps even backward in time. In that sense it's more like sketching than painting. You have to work quickly, you can't contemplate, you have to capture enough of the energy of the entire scene in that moment, and that moment is all you get on a page. I have a problem with photographs that are extremely "set up." That brings up a whole other question — sur-

Helmut, 1978, Robert Mapplethorpe



realism. Surrealism in photography. When you get into bizarre subject matter the question arises: Bizarre to whom? What passes as surrealism on 57th Street may be an everyday occurrence south of 14th Street. Are Philip Beard's photographs a surrealistic fantasy? Absolutely not. Those images are living every night in the Mineshaft.

SAM: If surrealism has ever been placed in an art form Joel Peter Witkin, who lives in Albuquerque, is doing it. His photographs are the essence of what surrealism is about, what so many people have been trying to capture. He changes his images in the developing process to produce numerous different photographs from the same negative.

LOU: For some photographers the darkroom is the camera. "Camera Obscura" in fact means "dark room." That's the root of the word camera. You can't separate them, but you cannot insist that the photographers use the darkroom

themselves, either, there's too much variation among successful photographers.

JOHN: Are gay men disproportionately impacting photography?

SAM: We can go back as far as Baron von Gloeden in the late 1800's. Or to F. Holland Day. George Platt Lyons — there's no one individual that doesn't include at least one of his male nudes. Of the photography we see it's amazing how much of the good work is being produced by gay men.

CAL: Most of it in black and white.

LOU: To be honest, I have a prejudice against color photography.

LOU: I like Philip Beard's because he usually pares it down to two colors.

SAM: They're almost like tints.

LOU: Philip was my first photographic show, though.

SAM: You and I are convinced that photography is art. I don't see how anyone could deny it. It's an art product, a visual image, look at it, deal with it,

relate to it. And it's obvious that some of the photographers are great and that their work is art. Avedon, for instance, captured something in his famous photographs using the technique he had developed through fashion work. There is no question about that since there is a fashion aura to these photographs, but he took these basics to a totally different degree.

Irving Penn is another one. He is a brilliant photographer — a fine arts photographer who also made it on a commercial level. If you were a photographer back in the 30's and 40's how were you going to make a living if you didn't do commercial work? You couldn't be a fine arts photographer.

LOU: What's also interesting is the general level of quality in the commercial work itself for which Avedon will perhaps be better remembered than for what he considers to be his art photography.

SAM: It's extraordinary quality. If you

Untitled, 1979, Joel-Peter Witkin



really look at the work and at what he did, I think Irving Penn's probably one of my favorites in this context too.

JOHN: I'm very aware that the people who are going to read this are going to be gay men. They are probably most aware of the commercial gay male nude photographers. As a point of reference, where does a *Colt* magazine fit into this? Should they be getting off on it as photography?

LOU: You're asking for a quality judgment on the work of Jim French and Lou Thomas?

JOHN: I think it's a very good point of reference. Here's a body of work these readers are going to be aware of.

LOU: Well, I'll commit myself to this: I think Jim French's drawings are finer than his photographs. That's because he spent so much time on them.

SAM: You know I saw some of Jim French's photographs — it must have been fifteen years ago — where I saw him

seriously experimenting with some very interesting concepts of photography. I don't know what happened to it. Probably it wasn't commercially acceptable. It didn't go over. But I haven't seen anything in the *Colt* magazines that I would consider high art photography. I suspect he probably has dealt with it and that he has played with it. I also believe he was very aware of the fact that he was doing photographs for commercial sale. For instance, Mapplethorpe is in a particularly good situation where Jim French could never have been when he started doing this because Jim French *had* to sell magazines that were going to make money. Robert Mapplethorpe was never in that position, he grew out of an art product, he was doing collage pieces, he was doing drawings, he was doing painting and sculpture. He entered into photography at just the right moment where he could do a photograph that would never have gone over on a very

commercial level. *Maybe* today. He's considering doing a book now of his homoerotic pieces that would be like a magazine. It *might* go over today, because we've looked at so much now, but he didn't have to gear his work towards commercial considerations so it's rather difficult to make a judgment on Jim French, I don't think it's fair.

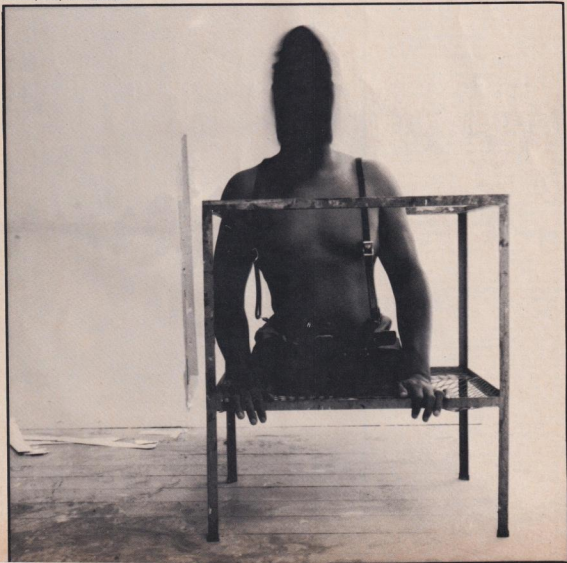
LOU: I do know that Lou Thomas of Target does have a body of art photographs that aren't shown.

SAM: I bet Jim French does also. Some of the early experimental work I referred to seemed to relate to George Platt Lyons.

LOU: Those guys — Lou Thomas and Jim French — did do us all a service. They let us all know back then that someone was doing this.

SAM: It was very important. Because of the position that George Platt Lyons was in, his males were never allowed to circulate far. That's one reason there are so

Untitled, 1978, Joel-Peter Witkin



few of them around. A few of his friends were the only people to possess the prints.

LOU: Some were artists — Paul Cadmus, Jered French — who drew from them.

SAM: Right. They worked together with him. They weren't done for the public. Back then you couldn't let them out. I don't know if Jim French and George Platt Lyons knew one another. It'd be interesting to know. George Platt Lyons made his fame as a fashion photographer and a celebrity photographer. Male nudes were totally out of sight. Had they surfaced, it could have cost him his success.

LOU: Steve Masters, a homoerotic artist of the same generation, killed himself when it became clear his erotic art was going to surface. But we're in a whole different period now with very publicly identified gay photographers. It's not just a question of their social acceptance of being out, but also of new techniques that they're using. Andrew Epstein is one who's totally given over to mechanical process art. He controls it more carefully than a lot of people. I'd like to just introduce color xeroxing into this conversation, if photography is a child, color xeroxing's a baby. Andrew has produced the most controlled color xeroxing I've seen. He knows the machine better than anyone I've known. The iconography is specific and subjective and always erotic but at times more explicit than at other times. What's amazing about the set of his work we have at Stompers is the technical accomplishment. Maybe Sam will disagree with me, but I think it belongs more in a category of photography rather than traditional painting since it has this tremendous mechanical imposition the artist is limited by the machine.

SAM: I think Andrew's work goes more towards painting. There are photographs you can translate into xerox. These though were taken from paintings and then translated into xerox. Most xerox that I have seen have been taken from photographic images. The problem is the control — a person can put an image through a xerox machine and get 12 different images from the same setting. That I don't accept. That's too much submitting to chance. Photography's a very controlled technique. Photography is as complex and as controlled as great painting. There are no accidents.

LOU: That's why I consider Andrew a pioneer. He's exerting that kind of control in color xeroxing.

SAM: It's an interesting field, but I don't relate it to photography that much because most of the people doing things that well are doing exactly what Andrew's doing. They're taking art product, not photographic product and even though it's photographing the art product, still it's the art product that has the basic essence. I have a hard time, I guess, with abstract photography.

LOU: I have a terribly hard time with it.

SAM: I've never seen any I've ever liked.

But I don't want to be misunderstood

about the control of photography. Some photographers will go through rolls of film for one print. Arthur Tress does more photographs than anyone I've ever known, for instance. He shoots *all* the time. On the other hand, when he does a session, Mapplethorpe does a very limited number of photographs. Lynn Davis does a few and I mean 20, 30, 40 frames, from which she will choose one or two prints.

JOHN: Do you put a value judgment on that?

LOU: No, it's just a different way of working.

SAM: Right. Avedon, for instance, does a massive number of photographs each session.

LOU: People who've worked in fashion photography tend to do that.

SAM: Yes. Most of Avedon's most famous portrait photographs were done at the end of a session when he had literally tired out his models so they began to expose themselves.

LOU: What you're saying is that the photographs which are more real in a sense are those which capture a real situation, real expression rather than being posed.



Untitled, 1979, Philip Beard



JOHN: There's one statement underlying this whole conversation — the judgment you're going to make will be on the final product, not on the way the product was achieved.

LOU: Absolutely.

SAM: A lot of it has to do with the photographer and the model being able to relax with one another. How that happens is irrelevant.

LOU: To portraitize correctly you have to capture the moment out of a sequence of facial gestures which is the typical one. When you abstract a moment it's probable you won't get the typical

one.

JOHN: It's not just a matter of securing an image as a photographer, it's a question of discovering this person.

LOU: Philip Beard took a series of photographs as a fashion assignment for Stompers, the boot store. Some of the gems of the shooting were out takes of the models who were lovers and who started playing at the end of the session. He took some very beautiful pictures. Again — everyone was relaxed, he knew their timing. If you can spend some time with the person, learn the speed of their reflexes, and what might be more

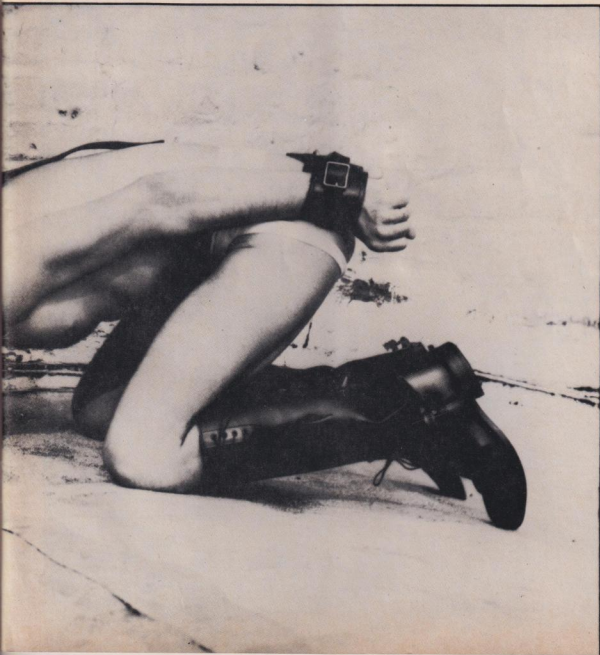
related or less related you can choose what you want to photograph.

SAM: Robert Mapplethorpe has taken an amazing series of photographs of Patti Smith over the years. There is such an intensity, there is such a rapport between the two of them . . .

LOU: . . . Well he *loves* her. That's important.

SAM: He's only 35 years old. He's already one of *the* great photographers around and knows where he's going to go.

JOHN: What makes good photography good erotic photography?



LOU: Erotic art would be very boring if it wasn't for kink. You can only draw people sucking and fucking so much, then you have to introduce graphically interesting items into the picture.

SAM: What's pornographic and what's erotic?

LOU: Michaelangelo had a commission to do a John the Baptist. For his model he used the most notorious hustler in the city of Florence. He sculpted him recognizably. No church in Florence would put the statue inside its walls.

So the Romans bought it. Is it a dirty statue? It certainly must have turned Michaelangelo on. The extent to which artists have admitted to me that they masturbate while working lends me to think that *all* art is erotic in some way. Georgia O'Keefe's flowers, for instance, are erotic as hell.

SAM: What separates the good photographers is their reaching deep inside themselves and bringing their insides out. As soon as you do that there must be a certain amount of sexuality. Part of

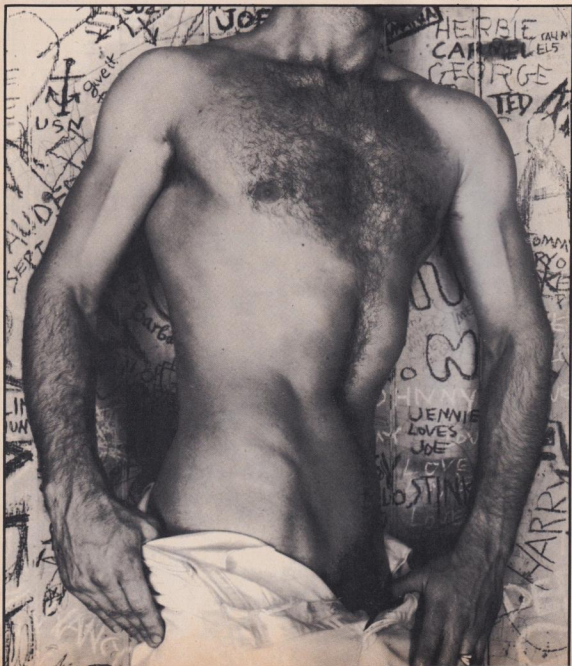
every good photograph is a part of the photographer or it doesn't work, it becomes a decoration.

LOU: Yet, I consider the decoration of time and space to be the ultimate to which a human being can aspire. Art seems to me to be the erotic attitude of producing a comingling of artistic material, yourself and the world. Unless it has some baser, propagandistic purpose.

SAM: But a lot of art has come from fear.

LOU: Right. But still you have to love

Untitled, no date, George Platt Lyons



the world a lot to want to combine with it to create a work of art — to combine one's psyche with the materials of the universe to create something that is living. That seems to me to be an erotic process.

SAM: But love has an opposite side — hate. It's just as intense.

LOU: Real hate is erotic also. What I'm concerned with is impassivity. You cannot create a work of art in which you have no stake.

JOHN: The final question — what is the

state of photographic art?

SAM: We have too many "well trained" artists who've gone through art school, college, and they've studied and become brilliant technicians.

LOU: . . . and there you have a spiritual miscarriage.

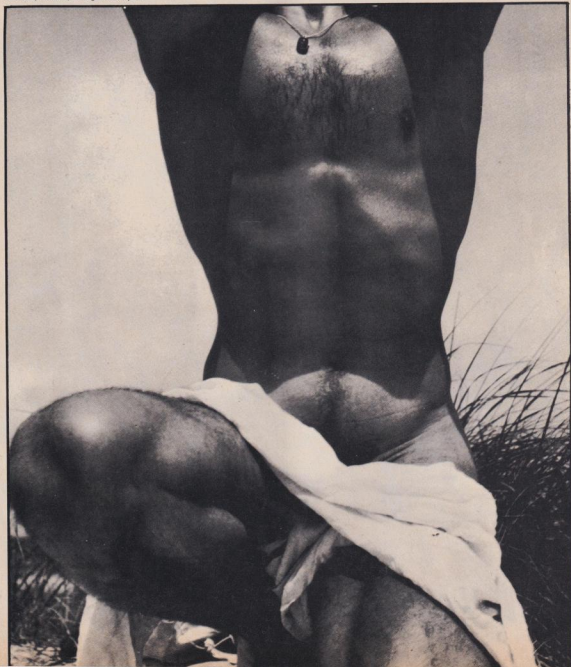
SAM: It's all over the place. Walk through SoHo.

LOU: Though, in the work I'm seeing nowadays at Stompers, the level of artistic quality is rising.

SAM: It's just a matter of how many

people take photography seriously. There's such an incredible movement going on. It's primarily in this country; it is surfacing in Europe and elsewhere, but still this is one of the few art movements this country has ever produced. We did produce Pop Art and abstract expressionism photography is very much an American statement. The 80's are going to be the time it's solidified and cleaned out a little bit, it's very confusing right now. Photography is the art of the 80's.

*Untitled, no date, George Platt Lyons*



# E R O T I C • P O



## RINK

DRUMMER 18

Relentlessly photographing in San Francisco for over eleven years, Rink has been invited to record some of the leather community's most inspirational events —

including DRUMMER's Mr. South of Market Contest, The Red Hanky Parties given by The Handball Express, openings at Robert Opel's FeyWay Gallery, and

# R T F O L I O S



The CMC Carnival. Rink was exhibited in the DRUMMER Erotic PhotoShow earlier this year, and has a continual photography show at

Orphan Andy's in the Castro. Rink's photography has been described as a meld between the political and the sensual; in which he works toward a

sympiosis that counters the hostility of highly-visible public hysteria as witnessed by films like 'Cruising,' 'Windows,' and the 'Gay Power' CBS special.

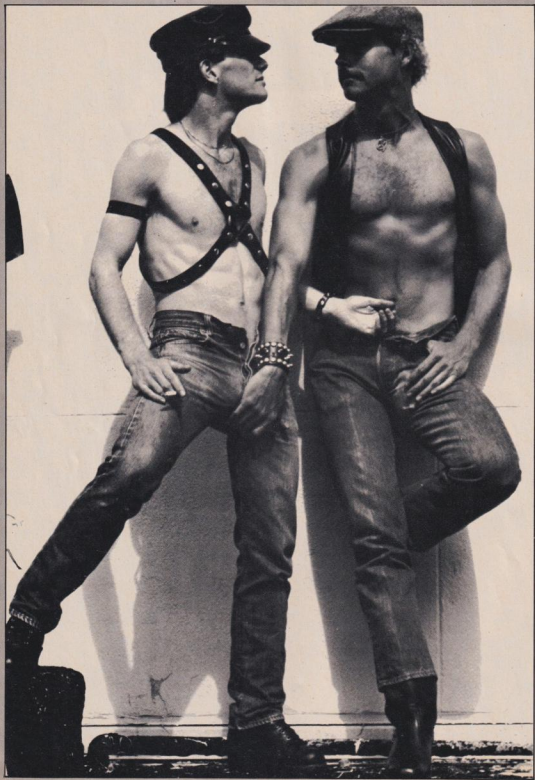


**ROBERT  
PRUZAN**

**OBJETS  
RECHERCHÉS**









Freelance photographer living in San Francisco; contributing photographer for *The Advocate*, *Drummer*, *The Alternate*; author of *In Pursuit of Images*; awarded photographer in various international competitions; featured photographer in numerous national photo exhibitions; editor: *On Gay Photography* (*Alternate*, 1979).

**E F R E N**  
**RAMIREZ**

# CRAWFORD BARTON

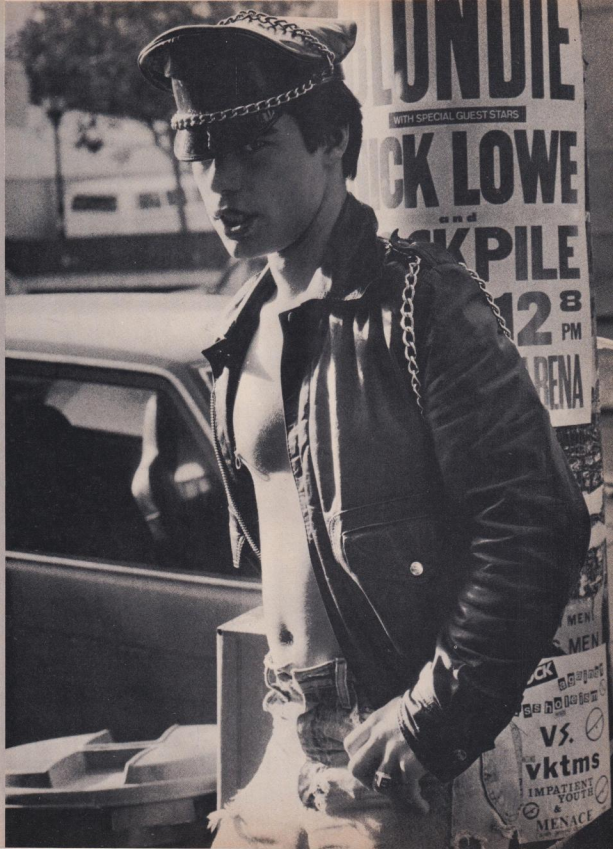
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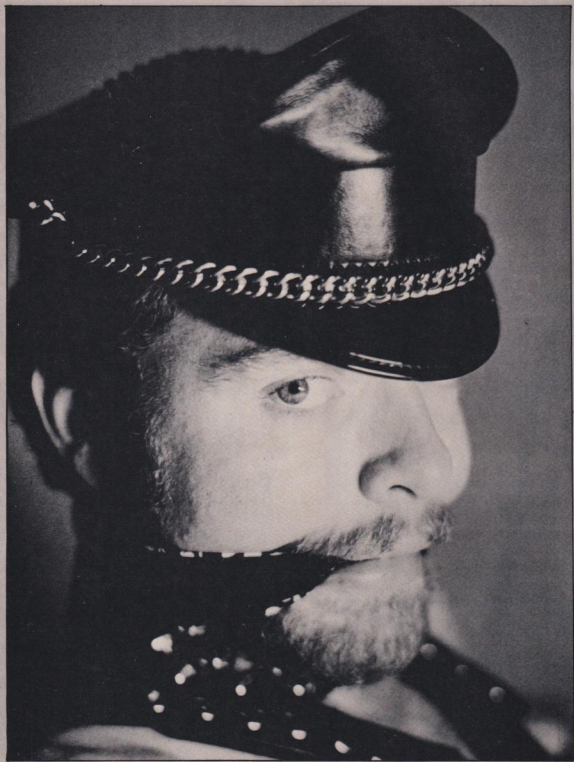
## DOLLS

There are some beautiful ones  
There are dolls that can't be bought or sold  
There are dolls that can be bought  
For very high prices —  
Precious dolls  
There are dolls, faceless and bodiless  
That are sold over and over  
Every day  
There are beautiful dolls, young and tender  
With wonderful lifelike bodies  
That are free of charge  
On a one-time basis  
There are star-crossed dolls  
That are inseparable  
There are beautiful dolls to look at  
But not to touch  
There are dolls to talk to;

But not to fondle  
Yes but there are dolls to play with  
Yes God to smother with kisses  
But not to possess  
And there are dolls to be abused  
And there are dolls to be had only through  
Diligence and truth  
And there are a few dolls who  
If selected carefully  
And examined for defects  
In all their little plastic parts  
Will remain  
Faithful and durable  
And if cared for properly  
And loved  
Will retain their shine and their youth  
For quite some time to come







# SANDY GRAHAM

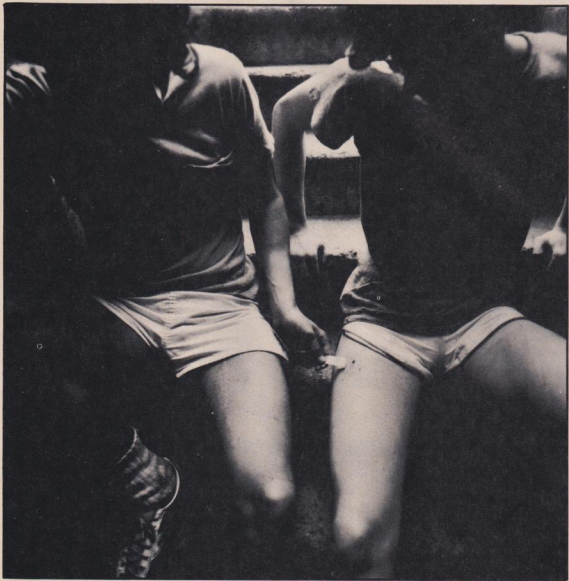
Graduate, School of the Art Institute of Chicago; Documentarian, Gay Freedom Day Parades; Exhibits: Drummer Hard Corps Erotic PhotoShow 1980, Alternate Magazine Top 10 Gay Photographers 1979, North Beach Photo Exhibition 1980; Member, Gay Freedom Photo Archives.

*"Being a photographic documentarian, I try to preserve the reality of what is photographed. S&M is real. It is a deadly serious exchange of power. People involved in S&M want to be involved — there is consent. Whether you chose to accept it is your own decision."*

*I find S&M intriguing, and so I recently documented a real session in which I have tried to project some of the fine tuning between the pain and the pleasure. Through these initial photographs I have superficial evidence of my idea. I plan to continue with this project; I have set no limits. I am sure that the project will represent more than I originally sought."*



# ARTHUR • TRESS



There's a mythology of New York that our times must take into account, and that some madmen do account for at the risk of being misunderstood and misinterpreted. Now mythology implies

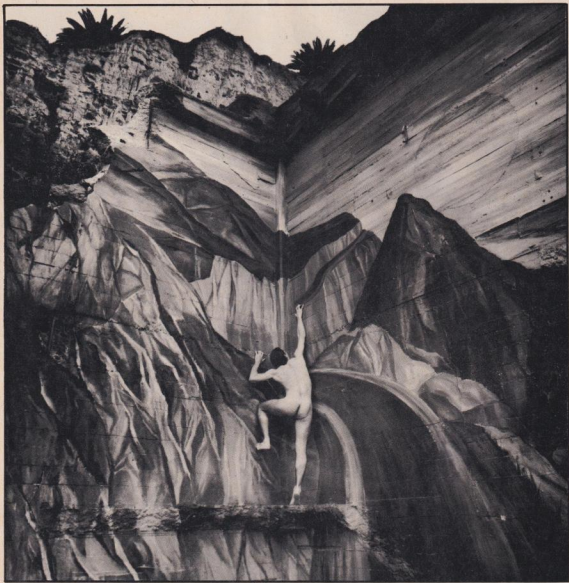
something imaginary, a deliberate fiction, a supposedly pure creation. But New York's mythology is solid, real, realistic; it's in stone, steel, and scrap, in the sumptuous and the starved, in broken



down and fascinating machinery. It's everything except picturesque. To find New York picturesque is to refuse to look at or to love this city, which is mad enough to be vertical and audacious

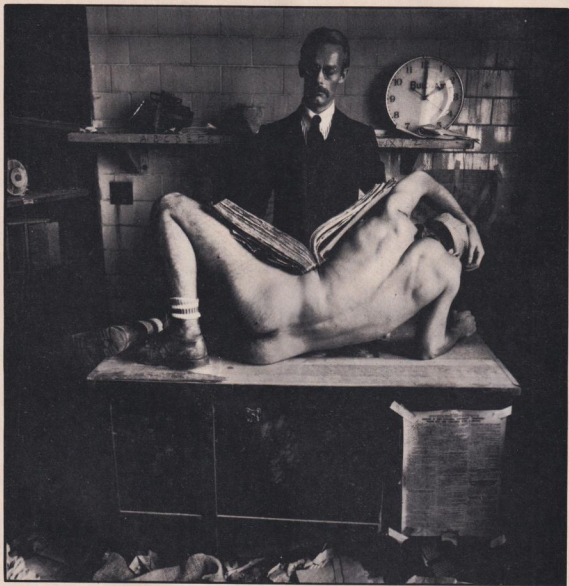
enough to make a hole in the sky, causing dizziness in all who pass through or live there. Tress's photos are forceful, flagrant, and in flagrante delicto because they are not to be read as exploits or as a





spectacle, but as statements, the grip and mark of someone who won't return to somewhere else, and who gets lost inside, inside the city, inside that city. I

know Arthur Tress. I don't know him at all. He's inside. Inside the photo he hasn't taken yet. I know his address by heart — Riverside Drive. It's right near the docks,



the abandoned docks, where there are no more departures. I think he'll go to the very end of his life with a few rolls of film, unused, inside his head.

—Yves Navarre  
Translated by George Stambolian  
From: *Facing Up* by Arthur Tress,  
St. Martin's Press, 1980, \$13.95.

# MUSCLE

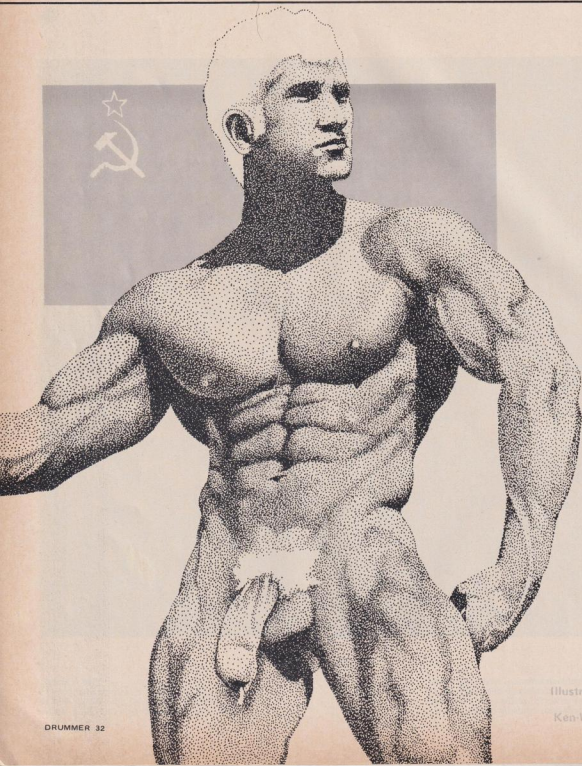


Illustration  
by  
Ken Wood

# MACHINE

by GREG NERO

"Get that fucker up! Come on! Come on, damnit! Only a couple of inches to go!"

"I can't do it, Doug. I ain't going to make it. You got to help me!"

"Hell, no! I'm telling you to get it up, Clint, and I ain't about to lift a finger to help."

Clint Magnum, winner of every major bodybuilding title in the free world was up Shit Creek without a paddle. He was straining every muscle he had trying to finish the rep but it was like his arms had locked, refusing to move the bar any higher.

He must have been nuts. What had made him pull such a stupid stunt in the first place? He had just finished a gruelling two hour workout when, egged on by about a dozen other bodybuilders, he agreed to show off with an extra set on the bench press. Three hundred and fifty pounds on the bar. Forget that he had already given his arms, chest and shoulders a painful going-over. Forget that he had every guy there beat. No, he had to show off. He had to psych-out the competition. Now the whole damn thing was going to backfire!

"Shit, Doug, help me!"

"No way, man. Come on, Mr. Fucking Universe! Last rep, you can do it!"

Clint ground his teeth against the fatigue settling, like concrete, in his arms. "Man, when I catch up with you, I'm going to nail your balls to the wall!"

"First, you gotta finish that rep. Then, you can do anything you want to my balls."

"You goddamn motherfucking cocksucker!" Clint got so angry that, from nowhere, fresh reserves of energy exploded and the weight slowly lurched up to its stand.

Leaping to his feet, Clint whirled around to confront his training partner. "You goddamn facefucker! What's the idea of standing over me like you're pissing in some urinal and not helping when I need it?"

Doug scratched his bare chest and smiled. "I did help you. You got mad enough to put the bar back up, didn't you? I knew you could do it by yourself. What more do you want? A blow job at the same time?"

The other bodybuilders started laughing and going back to their workouts. They'd all had the same sort of experience with their own partners, so they knew what was coming.

Clint glared at his friend a while longer and then burst out laughing himself. Shit, he could never stay mad at Doug for long. Playfully wrapping his arm around Doug's neck, he gave him a pat on the ass. "A blow job might have done the trick, too. How about if we try it tonight?"

Doug returned the pat, letting his hand linger on the firm, rounded butt. "You bet. First, let's see if those presses did you pecs any good. Take off your top."

Clint stepped back and whipped off the white U.C.L.A. t-shirt. Feeling smart-ass, he asked, "You want the shorts off, too, Doug?"

"Shut up and stand still, will ya? Shit, you look good, Clint. Real good."

"Good enough to eat?"

"Will you shut the fuck up?"

Clint finally stood still and relaxed, letting his body line itself up. With a click of a mental switch, he shut out every distraction around him and concentrated totally on his physique.

At 6'2", 240 pounds, Clint was the best heavyweight-class bodybuilder in the free world. He didn't go in for measurements, preferring to judge his development by how he looked in the mirror, but it was still hard to argue with a 57-inch chest, a 32-inch waist, 22-inch arms, thighs taped at 28-

inches, and 20-inch calves. Each muscle fit flawlessly into place like pieces in an expensive Swiss watch. Symmetry, flow, size, density, deep cuts, and just the right amount of vascularity — he had it all.

He knew how to show it off, too, in a smooth posing routine that was dynamic, hard-biting, and downright sensual. With Clint, posing wasn't just flexing a bunch of muscle and hoping for the best. It was art.

Of course, it didn't hurt having a deep, rich, Southern California tan and a square-jawed All-American face, either. Black hair and moustache, dark brown eyes, and sparkling white teeth completed the picture. One look and it was easy to see why Clint Magnum was number one both in and out of the gym.

Smiling, Clint opened his eyes and glanced about the reeking, dungeon-like gym. He, and 200 other champion bodybuilders from around the globe, had gathered in Moscow for the first "All-Nations Bodybuilding Championships" to find out, once and for all, who was the best in the world. To Clint, it was a foregone conclusion.

The Russians had finally decided to let their best bodybuilders compete internationally, so now everyone was scrambling over each other and panting like starved lions to see how they'd rate. So far, though, no one could make even rough comparison between east and west, because no one had seen the Russian champs in the flesh. They trained in another gym, supposedly to give more space to the foreign athletes but, more likely, so as not to tip their hand. They hadn't even appeared at the regulation weigh-ins, they just sent in an official with their bodyweights. That caused a big uproar but there wasn't a whole hell of a lot the western officials could do.

Their leading contender was a guy called Sergei Romanoff. He was nicknamed the "Muscle Machine" by the western physique reporters because it was rumored that, while still a boy, he had been hand-picked for the job of becoming the Soviet's top heavyweight and had then been "built" from the ground up. He was always surrounded by trainers and doctors, who constantly measured his progress and recommended the next course of action, leaving nothing to chance and sparing no expense. All Sergei Romanoff had to do was eat, sleep, and pump iron. All for the glory of the state.

"Damn, but you look good, Clint." Doug Holt studied his friend with a long-practiced, critical eye. He was 42 years old and had been training since he was 13, so he knew what to look for. At 5'6", the best lightweight in America packed on 154 dense pounds of sharp, defined muscle. Who would believe a guy that tall could have a 47-inch chest, 28-inch waist, 18-inch arms, 25-inch thighs, and 16-inch calves? But he did. Doug had busted his ass to put together such an awesome display of muscle that people took one look and *believed*.

Finishing his inspection, Doug idly scratched an armpit and pronounced, "Ain't nobody going to beat you, Clint. That's for sure."

"We ain't seen the Russian yet."

"Hell, Clint, no one's seen the Russian! But, I'll tell you one thing. When it comes to bodybuilding, Russian science just can't compete against good ol' American know-how."

Clint laughed, but tried to remain humble a while longer. "What about some of these other guys? They might provide a little competition."

Waving his hand in contempt, Doug sneered, "What fucking competition? Couchard, from France, is big but his legs don't have cuts. Kasmar, the Czech, left his delts at home. Obasango, from Nigeria, poses like a robot. And the Cuban, Santiago, doesn't have enough density. Shit, there ain't nobody that



comes close to what you got."

"Except the Russian," reminded Clint.

"Ah, fuck the Russian."

Suddenly, the clanging weights and endless chatter fell silent. Sergei Romanoff, followed by two trainers, had entered and was making his way around the gym.

"Well, speak of the fucking devil," whispered Doug. "Come to check out the competition for himself."

"I don't think so. He's a smart customer, I'll bet he's decided it's time to psych us all out."

Doug looked around at all the stunned, gloomy faces and said, "He seems to be doing a pretty good job."

Clint chuckled and poked his friend in the ribs. "He'll have to do a hell of a lot more than just walk around in a sweat suit to psych me out."

Like a shark coldly gliding through a school of terrified fish, Sergei walked slowly about the hushed gym casually inspecting its occupants. His face was a blank and didn't betray any sign of emotion. Even his eyes had a dull, impenetrable glaze to them.

Clint watched the blond Russian hulk make his rounds, guessing him to be about an inch taller and ten pounds heavier than himself. Leaning over, he whispered in Doug's ear, "Sergei sure is a good-looking stud. Wonder what he's like in bed."

Doug sighed. "Clint, you're going to be posing against him, not screwing his ass."

Clint smirked and squeezed Doug's bicep. "Who says I can't do both?"

A few minutes later Sergei passed beside the bench press. He barely gave Doug a second glance but, when he saw Clint, he stopped dead in his tracks. The dull glaze disappeared, replaced by more than casual interest as he checked Clint over. His gaze slid off Clint's helmet-sized delts, over the curves of the bulging pecs, down the solid ridges of the washboard abs, noted the cuts in the tree-trunk thighs, and the flare of the large, diamond-shaped calves. On their way back up, Sergei's eyes lingered long at Clint's heavy crotch, studied the tiny puckered nipples, and noted Clint's arm draped casually over Doug's right shoulder and the fingers idly playing with

Doug's soft tit.

Sergei looked at the 350 pounds on the bar and then back at Clint. A faint smile creased his lips as, silently, he asked if he could use the bench. When Clint and Doug moved back, he snapped out something in Russian and the two trainers loaded another fifty pounds.

With the timing of a carnival showman, making sure he had everyone's attention, Sergei unzipped his sweatshirt jacket and dramatically pulled it off. An audible groan sank through the crowd. Even Doug, who'd seen contest-winning bodybuilders all his life, couldn't help uttering a low, "Holy shit," as the expanse of bare skin came into view.

Sergei's upper body was one solid mass of contorted, densely packed, rippled muscle. His back and shoulders were broad and thick, his ham-sized arms must have measured at least 23-inches. He had the large rib-cage needed to support the curved slabs of thrusting pectorals while, just below them, a wasp waist was covered in front by three perfect abdominal ridges.

"Holy shit."

"I heard you the first time," Clint murmured, starting to feel his own blood pressure rise. He had to hand it to the Russians, Sergei was one hunk of muscle.

Romanoff lay on the bench and slid under the bar. Pushing up the weight, he took a deep breath and slowly lowered it to his large, quarter-sized nipples. After a short pause, his arms straightened on the outbreath and the bar rose back up.

"That damn, fucking show-off," snarled Clint. "Think he can just come in here, pump some iron, and walk away with the title."

Sergei repeated the movement seven more times before racking the weight and standing up. Sweat trickled off his shoulders and chest, running into the waistband of his pants but, other than that, there was no sign that he had been exerting himself. Slipping on his jacket, he gave Clint a curt nod of the head and walked through the room of stunned bodybuilders.

The Russian was just about out the door when Clint called out, "Sergei!"

Sergei stopped and turned. His eyes met Clint's and locked. In a loud, clear voice oozing with charm, Clint said, "Stud, you can suck my cock *anytime*."

Sergei's smug grin vanished and his eyes dropped to Clint's crotch. He opened his mouth as if to say something, caught himself, then hurried out.

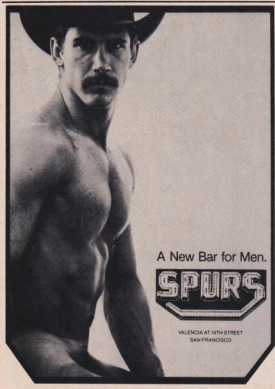
No sooner had Sergei left when all hell broke loose. Shouts, catcalls, and whistles filled the air; well-wishers surrounded Clint wanting to slap his back and pat him on the ass; guys went back to pumping iron with a vengeance until the room sounded more like a steel mill than a gym.

All the while the ruckus was going on around him, Clint kept watching the door. In his mind he still had a perfect image of Sergei standing in front of it. Clear as a bell. "You're not bad, Sergei, but there's room for improvement. Seems to me the Muscle Machine could use some bodywork, a tune-up, and a good, heavy-duty lube job. Not to worry, though, because I know just the mechanic to do it."

Snapping out of his dream, Clint put an arm around Doug's shoulder and burst out laughing. "What d'ya say we grab some lunch, huh? I'm hungrier than a bear!"

After a light meal and a nap in his room at the Rossiya Hotel, Clint slipped on his jockstrap, shorts, t-shirt, and jogging shoes and went for an afternoon run. Clipping along, he crossed the south end of Red Square, sped past the towering walls of the Kremlin and followed the granite-covered embankment of the Moskva River until he came to the bridge at Zubovsky Boulevard, which he crossed to get to Gorky Park. It was purely by chance that, right in the middle of the 300-acre park, Clint discovered a small clearing surrounded by tall, leafy birch trees. Thinking himself alone, he decided it was the perfect spot to grab some undisturbed rest.

He was glad for the chance of a time-out. His heart was racing, he was covered in sweat, and he had a raging hard-on. Jogging always gave him an electrified boner, he could never figure out why. Maybe it was all the bouncing around his nuts went through. Shit, were they hurting! They were tingling so bad, he had to reach into his jock to re-arrange the battered balls and give them some relief. "Ah, that's better," he sighed, pulling his hand out and taking a good whiff of the crotch



A New Bar for Men.

**SPURS**

VALENCIA AT 4TH STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO



sweat drying on his fingertips.

It wasn't until he was pulling off his t-shirt that Clint noticed he was not the only one in the clearing. From the far side he was being watched by a husky blond stud stretched out on a towel. A damn good-looking stud at that.

A second, longer look and Clint had to rub his eyes to make sure they weren't playing tricks on him. They weren't, the stud was Sergei Romanoff. Not only that, but the only thing he had on to do his tanning was his usual grim expression. There wasn't a bathing suit in sight.

"Sergei Romanoff alone, and buck naked, in the middle of a park! Well, I'll be fucked," Clint whistled, strolling on over.

Sergei was standing by the time Clint got to him. He made no move to cover himself, letting his arms rest easily at his sides, his big uncut meat hanging down heavy over his bull nuts.

Clint nodded in admiration. "Sergei Romanoff, I presume. I'd recognize that cock anywhere."

"Is big cock," replied Sergei, not too sure what Clint was driving at but deciding to play along anyway. "Is big and strong like rest of Sergei."

"I'll bet. Right now, though, it's looking like just so much limp sausage. Get it up and let's have a look." Nothing like cutting through the shit and going to the heart of the matter, thought Clint.

Sergei tried to play it cool again, like in the gym, but his eyes kept giving him away by slipping down Clint's chest to the jogging shorts with the big, bulging crotch.

A hard edge crept into Clint's low voice. "I said get the thing up and let's have a look."

Sweat beaded on Sergei's upper lip. "I will win the body-building championships. I am better than you."

Clint's words came slow and measured, "In a fucking pig's ass, Sergei." There was another tense pause and then Clint's voice dropped to a barely audible growl, "Get that fucking cock of yours hard, now."

In panic, not knowing what else to do, Sergei took a deep breath and hit a front double biceps pose. He held it for a moment then crabbled to his most-muscular. Maybe he thought he could dazzle Clint and regain the upper hand, if he ever had it. Whatever he was thinking, it was sheer desperation.

"Cut the shit," snapped Clint. "Save it for the judges. I'm not impressed."

Sergei relaxed, straightening to his full 6'3" height. There was a trapped, tortured look in his cobalt-blue eyes.

Clint stepped closer and leisurely ran his fingertips over Sergei's pecs, barely touching the baby-soft skin covering the gym-toughened muscles, until he found the nipples. Tightly grasping the hard, thimble-sized tits, he started twisting them slowly in opposite directions. "You remember one thing, Shithead. I don't like repeating myself."

Sergei stared into Clint's eyes. Sweat was running in rivers off his face, a vein pulsed at his right temple, and his teeth were tightly clenched against the waves of pain searing his tits and radiating through his chest. Incredibly, though, he didn't flinch or utter a sound. Not a groan.

Clint looked down and saw, to his satisfaction, that Sergei's cock was rousing itself like some prehistoric beast stirring from its lair. It lengthened, thickened, and didn't stop growing until there was a wrist-thick, 9-inch shaft topped with a pulsing red knobhead aimed right at Clint's gut. It was a mean-looking motherfucker. A monster. The kind of prick that sets a man to drooling.

Clint let go of the hot nipples. "Not bad, Sergei. Not bad. But it looks like I got you beat in the dick department, too."

"I cannot tell. Take down your shorts."

"If you want to see my cock, you take down my shorts."

Sergei's troubled mind considered Clint's condition for a long time, just when it started looking like he might say, "Fuck it," he hesitantly nodded and dropped to one knee. Taking a quick look around, he grasped the shorts and pulled them down over Clint's massive thighs. A deep breath, another look, and Clint's sweaty jock followed. Something — probably the Russian equivalent of "Holy shit!" — caught in the back of his throat.

Free of its cloth prison, Clint's erect member bloated itself still further, becoming bigger and harder under the hot afternoon sun until it looked like it was going to burst out of its skin. The circumsized column was about the same thickness as Sergei's but it was at least an inch and a half longer. Ten and a half inches of Grade-A, Prime-Cut meat. Ten and a half

inches of All-Man.

"How's that for one of America's great natural resources?" smirked Clint. He wrapped a hand around the pole and started beating off, slow and easy-like, feeling the pressure build as the skin pulled tight across the cockhead and the two large nuts banged against each other in their sac. Shit, he was hot! First the jogging and then the Russian musculature had raised Clint's spunk to the boiling point.

Clint looked down and saw desire written across Sergei's eyes. The kind of desire when a man forgets who he is and what he's doing. "Take it," he growled. "Take it and suck it dry."

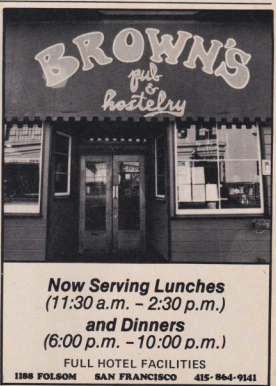
Licking his lips, Sergei leaned in and placed his mouth over Clint's cockhead. Then, like a lunatic, he swallowed as much of the shaft as he could and began pumping the meat into his face again and again and again. Damn it, if Sergei wasn't a blow job expert!

He pulled and tugged Clint's cock with the insides of his cheeks. He tickled the pisshole with the tip of his tongue and drove Clint wild by lapping the underside of the shaft with the flat of his tongue. For a change of pace, he would suck one ball at a time into his mouth and give it a good wash and chew.

Clint tried to hold off longer but Sergei was too good. A bomb went off in his balls and squeezed all the air out of his lungs, leaving him panting for breath. He came in four massive contractions — Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! — the sperm burning a path up his fuckpole, leaving a knotted, wasted sac. The gobs of steaming spunk disappeared down Sergei's vacuum throat as fast as they gushed out until Sergei was left with only a softening, empty cock. Clint couldn't have come up with more sperm at that moment if his life depended on it.

Feeling like he'd just stepped off a four-day roller-coaster ride, Clint had to take a couple of deep breaths to clear his head and pull himself together. "Now I know what you do in your spare time."

Sergei got to his feet, his great muscular body covered in a sheen of sweat glinting bronze in the sunlight, his stiff horse-dick dripping buckets of pre-cum. Licking the last of Clint's creamy spunk from his lips, he asked, "You suck me now?"



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Clint's eyes narrowed. "Get one thing, Muscle Machine. I ain't no Hollywood and Vine hustler who'll suck any dick held out for him. I ain't going to give you any favors. When I blow you — if I ever blow you — it'll be because I think you've earned it."

Clint might as well have slapped Sergei hard across the face, he looked so stunned. "Earned it? How... How can I earn it? I don't know what to do. I will do anything."

"Anything?"

"Anything."

"All you have to do is win the bodybuilding championships." Clint saw the surprise. "You heard me. You beat me on that posing platform and I'll suck your dick all day, if you want, or let you fuck my ass to your heart's content. But only if you win."

Knowing he had Sergei right where he wanted him, Clint figured it was time to leave and let him stew a while. Quickly dressing, he gave Sergei's butt a pat and said, "Too bad points aren't given for asses, stud. Yours ranks right up there, in my books. Well, gotta go. You remember what I told you. No win, no cock."

Placed with himself, Clint sprinted smugly back to his hotel, leaving Sergei standing in the clearing with a lump dick in his hand looking like he didn't know what the fuck it was for.

"Hey, man, you just about cut my nipple off!"

"Quit squirming around, then." Clint flicked his wrist and a gob of hair-filled shaving cream flew through the air and landed on the slatwood floor with a loud *schlop*! Gently pinching Doug's small, hardened nipple, he laughed, "See? Still there."

"Yeah, no thanks to you. I don't know why I always let you shave me."

"Because of the fringe benefits."

"Now what are you doing?" asked Doug, wincing at the extra pull Clint was giving his nipple.

"Just trying to lift your pec up, so I can get at the underside easier," replied Clint, his face poker-solemn. "Mighty big pec you got there for a guy only five-foot six-inches tall."

"Shit, Clint, quit fucking around!" snickered Doug, as he carefully watched the glistening straight razor slide down his left pectoral, cutting a wide swath of brown chest hair as it went.

By sheer luck, Clint and Doug had the whole downtown Moscow gym to themselves. The sauna room, with its sweat-wringing dry heat, was just the thing to help Clint shave Doug's body in prep for the next day's contest. It made a guy's skin pliable and his body hair soft. So, there they were, naked and horny as hell, Clint sitting on a towel on the lowest bench and Doug standing in front of him.

"Quit laughing. How can I shave your abs if your stomach keeps bouncing around. Shit, it's hard enough just trying to get to the bottom of each ridge."

"How's this?" asked Doug, folding his arms over the top of his head. The ridges pulled taut and smoothed out.

A few more long, steady strokes and Doug's armpits, chest and abs were completely hairless. He gently slid his hands over the smooth, paper-thin skin, reading the muscles underneath like a blind person reads Braille. He liked what he felt.

Looking up, he saw Clint filling his cupped hand with more shaving cream. "Hey, you've already done my legs. What's that for?" He knew damn well what it was for.

"Doug-boy, it's all got to go. Can't have any crotch hairs climbing over the top of your trunks."

"Do I have to?" The look in Clint's eyes told Doug to shut up.

"Sit down, lean back, and spread your legs." Once Doug had done as ordered, Clint got down on one knee between the muscular, defined legs and quickly spread the warm lather over Doug's crotch, working it deep into the thick patch of hair around the cock and balls.

The more Clint's hand brushed against it, the more Doug's soft, stubby cock gorged itself. Fully erect, his circumcised prick was an average six inches in length, but its popcan-thickness and sandpaper-roughness gave it a dangerous pile-driver reputation. A lot of guys in the gym didn't like getting fucked by Doug, complaining that it felt more like a tree-trunk going up their ass instead of a man's cock.

Using quick, short strokes of the blade, Clint attacked Doug's wiry crotch hair. Schlop! Doug gritted his teeth and tried not to wince as the shiny steel blade hacked at the foliage around his manhood. Schlop! More and more of Doug's tangled brown strands lay on the floor. Shit, was all that his? Where was it all coming from? It hadn't been that long ago since his last shave.

Clint grabbed Doug's nutsack and yanked it this way and that as he sliced every hair from its surface. Doug tried counting the nails in the ceiling to keep from looking down and finding out what Clint was doing between his legs. He was scared shitless of what he might, or might not, find down there. His balls weren't as big as Clint's, but they were all he had. "Hey, Clint. Take it easy, huh?"

Clint glanced at Doug and scowled, grabbing the sac tighter. Every muscle in Doug's body tensed in a numbing contraction against the torture. He had to bite his lower lip to keep from screaming and shut his eyes to hold them in their sockets. Just when he thought he was going to pass out, Clint released his grip and announced he was finished.

Slowly, Doug opened his eyes and looked down at his crotch. It was completely bare, not a hair in sight! His cock stuck up tall and straight without the usual undergrowth hiding its base, reminding him of a grain silo sitting in the middle of endless Nebraska flatlands. Shit, it looked strange! Kind of spooky, too. Unreal.

Doug carefully ran a hand around his cock and balls. Soft. Smooth. Spooky. Yup, definitely spooky.

"Get up. Bend over and put your hands on the bench. Part your legs."

"Doug did as he was told, trying to psych himself up for what was to come. He barely felt the sharp blade as it made quick work of the hair covering his cheeks, that was the easy part, but he couldn't help flinching when his ass was pulled apart and the razor went right to the bottom of his crack. "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh."

When he was finished, Clint tenderly ran a hand over the now-truly naked ass wiping off the last bits of cream. Smooth as a billiard ball it was now. Slick. Sweat ran down the crack and tickled the bare, puckered rosebud with not one hair to get in its way.

The sheen covering the pink bunghole was all the lube Clint needed to slide his middle finger in no problem right up to the knuckle. He explored as much of the orifice as he could with his finger and, when the sphincter loosened some more, soon had two fingers probing around.

"Oh, Clint, fuck me. Hurry and fuck me. I want that big cock of yours up my ass. My ass is so hot. You gotta fill my ass."

"When I'm good and ready." Suddenly Clint's hands were pulling Doug's ass-cheeks wide apart and his big, pointed tongue was wet-tickling the rosebud. Doug squirmed like a dog in heat all the while Clint lapped, slurped and sucked his anus, scooping and cleaning for all he was worth, rimming that hole like it was the sweetest thing on earth.

And the fucking smell! Shit, with his nose stuck into the crack, Clint was drawing great whiffs of Doug's man-smell low into his lungs, sending off rockets in his brain, and proving that the real stuff is ten times better than man-made poppers any day.

"I guess you're lubed and loose by now," chuckled Clint.

standing up and grabbing his red, angry-looking 10½-inch fuckpole. He rubbed his hand over the asshole and drew gobs of pre-cum down the length of his shaft, mixing it with the sweat already covering it.

Pressing the knob of his cock into Doug's offered butt-hole, Clint grabbed either side of the shorter man's waist and then, accompanied by a deep, guttural grunt, savagely buried his meat right up to the balls in one massive thrust.

"Ah, shiiiiiiiit," groaned Doug, rolling his head around to counteract the pain scorching his backside. "Fuck, that feels good. Soooooooo good."

Using long, slow strokes Clint pounded his prick in and out of the hot tunnel, feeling his cock's skin pulled tight with each inward plunge and the pressure in his balls increasing each time they got mashed against Doug's ass.

Butt-fucking was like exercising any other body part to Clint. You find the right training partner, increase the resistance, use a lot of reps, and keep pumping until the part being worked on gives. And, shit, Clint was always giving.

Each stroke fanned the fire in Clint's balls and steamed his cock. The invisible hand grabbed his nutsac and started tugging, so he knew it wouldn't be long. "It won't be . . . Ah, ah! . . . Oh, fuck, I'm coming," he gasped. "Oh, fuuuuuuck!"

Bam! Clint's balls exploded and sent the first of high-energy cum rocketing out his cock, to bury itself deep in Doug's belly. Bam! Wad number two felt like it was taking his nuts with it as it scorched a path up Clint's shaft and blasted out with the force of a small A-bomb. Bam! The third gob of hot gism seared the tender pisshole on its exit and slammed into Doug's already cum-filled gut with the impact of a speeding 18-wheeler hitting a brick wall.

With his own cock still smoking, Clint reached around and grabbed Doug's meat so it wouldn't feel left out. He needn't have worried. Doug was primed like a loaded pistol and, in less than five seconds, shuddered and shot his rocks all over the wood-lined sauna. Shit, there was going to be one hell of a clean-up job for someone by the time they got out of there!

Moaning as the hot air hit his tender, shaved butt-hole when Clint eased his cock out of it, Doug turned and held the heavyweight tightly against him for a long time, comforted by Clint's immense size and strength, and the shared intensity of their fucking. There they stood, pressed together for support, breathing in rhythm, barely able to move. Not wanting to move.

Idly running his hand over Doug's back, Clint openly admired the man's ball-busting gym work. "Dammit, Doug, I hope I look half as good as you do when I'm 42."

Doug gave a tired smile. "It's not hard, Clint. Just clean living, pumping a lot of iron, and plenty of solid fucking."

"Hmmmmmmm, sounds easy enough, might give it a try. Say. It's about time we hit the showers, don't you think? I figure if we stay in here much longer we're going to look like a couple of prunes. Can't let that happen, we got a contest coming up, y'know."

"No shit," replied Doug. Pushing them apart to look Clint in the eye, he added, "And no playing drop the soap in the showers, either. I want some control over my fucking glutes tomorrow."

"Hey, Scout's honor."

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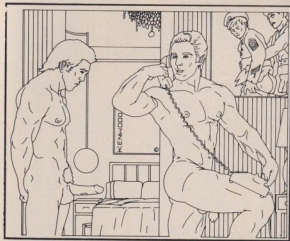
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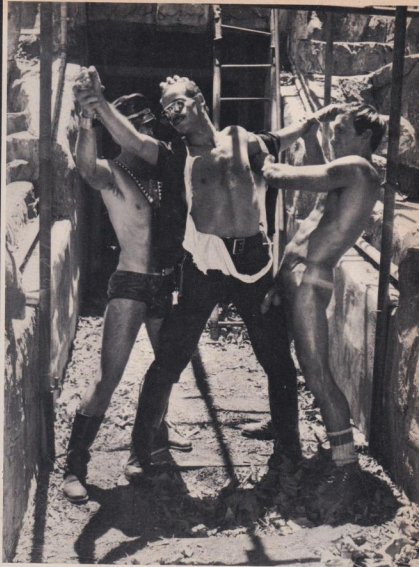
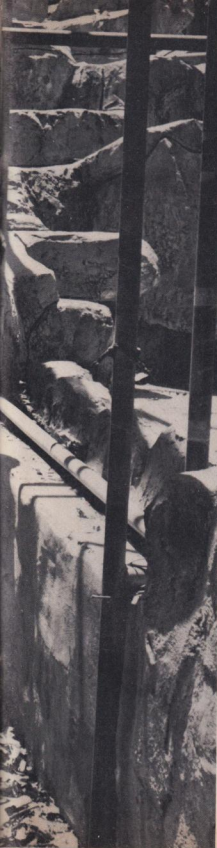
**Text by  
ROBERT PAYNE**

Not that I didn't have it coming. I work part time on a small town police force in the suburbs, and moonlight in the county area on weekends as sort of a rent-a-cop. There is very little going on. The only traffic is mostly back packers, an occasional pickniker and an occasional couple trying to make out in the bushes. Other than some pot smoking and some illegal campfires, there isn't much of a crime wave since there aren't many roads into the area. But I had been giving the bikers a bad time, especially the guys on dirt bikes that noisily plow up the terrain and leave a trail of beer cans and crap. Their noise doesn't bother anyone but me since there isn't much of anyone around once you get off the main road. But I just didn't dig their trip and I hadn't been too subtle about it.

The past few weeks a bike clud had been coming out of the city to chew up the scenery. At least I certainly included them in my general attitude toward motorcycles and the assholes that ride them. And that includes the guys in the police department on the traffic detail. A high-handed bunch of holier-than-thou cops if ever there was one. To my mind these guys were of the same stripe and they weren't even cops. Fuck 'em!

So this particular Saturday morning I had just gotten out of my patrol car and was walking up the end of the gravel road, wishing for a cold can of beer, or even a Coke,





when I saw two bikes parked along the side of the road. Where there were bikes, there had to be bikers and I was in just the right mood for the sons of bitches. However, I didn't have to look for them, they found me. One of the apes was in black leather pants with a harness arrangement over his bare chest and a motorcycle cap. The other was naked as the day he was born, except for some biking boots. God only knows what they were doing before I came along but I didn't have time to ask, or even think about it. They headed for me and before I could ask them what they were up to, Nature Boy gets behind me and puts a half-nelson on me. The leather number grabs me from the front. They didn't say a word but you can sure-as-hell bet that I did. I called them every name in the book and some others I couldn't remember using before. They marched/dragged me down a ravine to where an old park building was being rebuilt. The job had been almost abandoned for lack of funds, but the scaffolding was still there and now, so was I.

"What the hell you bastards up to?" I demanded. "Don't you know you can get into a hell of a lot of trouble, messing around like this?"

No reply.

"Knock it off," I said as the Leather Number starts unbuttoning my uniform. He pays no attention, finishes unbuttoning and yanks by shirt open. R-r-p-p and suddenly my undershirt is in shreds. Off comes my shirt and the remains of my undershirt, then my belt is snapped open and so are my pants. They yank me around with my pants at half mast and take a look at my bare ass, which has only a jock strap to protect it — and believe me that is no protection.

Finally one of the two says, from behind me, "Look at that asshole." I don't know if he means me or something else, but a hand rubs against my bare cheek and snaps my jock.



One thing I had to admit, so far they hadn't really hurt me, just humiliated the shit out of me and made me feel like a fool. The head man took the jockstrap out of my mouth. It was question and answer time.

"Want a nice shaved pussy to show the guys back in the locker room, officer?" There was no point to telling him I wasn't really an officer, just a moonlighting guard who didn't even have a uniform on, let alone a badge at the moment. I tried the same approach that his buddy used. "No Sir," I said quietly and the words stuck in my throat.

"What do you think they would do if they could see you now," he asked.

"Arrest the hell out of you, you bastard," I thought. But I merely said, "I don't know, Sir."



His hand ran over my outstretched body and stopped on the crack of my ass.

"Nobody ever used this for you, officer?"

"No, Sir." I could play the game too.

"Too bad." He said to his boy, "Get down there and get it wet for me."

Goodgodalmighty! His slave is on his knees and has his mouth on my backside. His tongue is working its way up the crack. "Please, Sir," I whine. My fucking cock is standing out like a flagpole.

Suddenly Mr. Leather, who now is down to no codpiece, no trunks and nothing but a ring at the end of his harness around his cock, gets under me and lifts me up on his shoulders.

"Raise up those wrists," he barks.

"Yessir," hte other says and up go my arms on the poles. Just as suddenly he kneels down and down I go with him, that is everything but my wrists. I put my bare feet on what is left of a concrete foundation and there I am, up in the air, spreadeagled, stark-naked for anyone and everyone to help themselves. And help themselves these two bastards do. One is pulling on my nut sac, stretching my balls to what feels like my knees. Hell, my cock was hard enough to hang on and a lot stronger than my balls. Why didn't they pull on it?



"Stop it, you motherfuckers or I'm gonna . . ." My pants get yanked down and the Leatherman takes charge.

"Pull off his boots, slave," he directed Nature Boy.

"Yes, sir," was the amazing reply. Shit, if the buck that is yanking off my clothes is a slave, what does that make me?

While I am trying to get my arms loose from the Leatherman, off comes my boots and socks and my jock comes down to behind my balls. What in hell are these two madmen going to do with me? I keep babbling on about all the things I am going to do to them when I get free, which doesn't even slow them down. And which also doesn't look very likely at the moment. In fact, each guy takes one of my arms and wraps about a yard of window sash cord around each wrist. I yell something foul-mouthed at one of them and get a fist in my belly. "Ooooffff," goes I and my arms are yanked to two scaffolding poles. Fast as a wink, both are fastened up tight. These sons of bitches sure know what they are doing.

The leather guy walks back toward where the bikes are and I say to the nude one, "What are you guys going to do with me?" Now in a very respectful tone.

"Relax," he whispers. "If it wasn't for you, I'd be stretched up there. Sure glad you came along." He starts to say something else and stops because his superior is coming back.

I don't understand and I ask the same question of Mr. Leather.

"Pull off that jock and put it in his mouth," says the big man.

"Yes Sir." Off it comes and in it goes.

"That'll shut him up." He runs his hand over my crotch and says something about shaving my pussy. Man, they never told me about this at the police academy. Why the fuck was my cock getting so hard?

Mr. Leather is down to some leather shorts with a sort of crotch piece that has snaps on it. He shows us what the snaps are for by unsnapping them. Out comes about a foot and a half of big, mean-looking prick. It is even bigger and fatter than Nature Boy's.

*(continued on page 65)*





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# DRUM

## Bike Show

JRDAY

VALLEY  
90m  
INSURED  
BY  
JIMMER  
SAZINE

SHIT!  
I SHOULD'A  
TAKEN A RIGHT  
TURN ABOUT TWO  
MILES BACK. THOUGHT  
THIS WAY  
LOOKED  
WRONG!

THE  
RALLY WILL BE  
HALF OVER BY THE  
TIME I GET THERE,  
MOST OF THE TALENT  
WILL HAVE ALL  
BEEN TAKEN.

BY BILL WARD





LOOK AT  
THAT  
DUDE  
GO!

SHEE-IT!  
JUST MY  
LUCK....

NOT ONLY WERE YOU  
EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT  
BUT YOU ARE RIDING A MOTOR  
CYCLE WHILE NOT WEARING A  
SAFETY HELMET... WHICH  
AGAINST THE LAW!

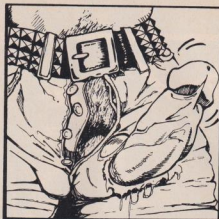
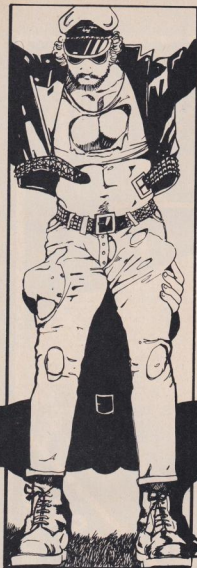
HUH?

WHAT  
LAW  
F'CRIGSSAKE  
THIS IS A  
COMIC STRIP...  
THERE AINT NO "LAWS"  
IN FANTASY... WHAT'S  
MORE THIS IS *MY*  
FANTASY, SO YOU CAN  
FUCK OFF AND LET ME  
GET TO THE BIKE  
SHOW... I'M  
LATE ALREADY.

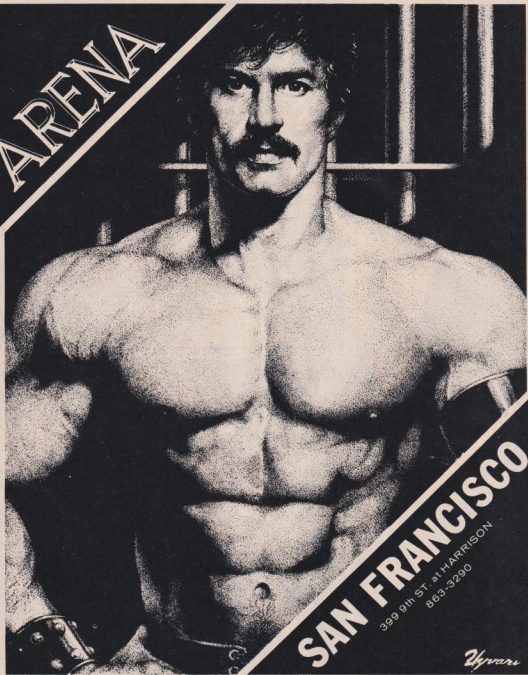
I DON'T  
BELIEVE THIS...  
THE MUTHA'S  
GONNA  
FRISK  
ME...

DRUGGED TOO, OKAY,  
SCUM, SPREAD  
THOSE LEGS...  
YOU BIKERS  
ARE ALL  
ALIKE... FUCKIN'  
PUNKS...

IF THIS ASS-  
HOLE GOES ON  
FEELIN' MY LEGS, MY  
COCK IS GONNA  
BURST OUTTA MY  
JEANS AND SPIT  
IN HIS EYE...  
I'M SURE ALL HE IS AFTER  
IS A QUICK GROPE.  
HE'S ABOUT TO GET  
HIMSELF A  
HANDFUL!



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# DRUMMER'S BOOKS

## THE WALL WENT ON FOREVER

*The heavy gate slams shut. Bret walks out into the street, he is back in federal city, the wall is behind him now, the night warm, quiet, he looks at his watch, then hurries toward the underground.*

The foregoing is one chapter of *The Fourth Wall* (N.A. Diaman; Persona Press, \$4.95) in its entirety, a hotchpotch of experimental literary styles that are visually demanding to no purpose. Virtually nothing in this novel works.

Bret is a pseudo-existential hero-focus, not quite interesting enough to be a human being, set in an improbable future. The reader gets tired of raising obvious questions that are never answered and identifying dilemmas that are never recognized, much less resolved. What kind of holocaust, drugging, invasion, or genetic manipulation could have killed off, in a single generation, all initiative, literacy, curiosity and aggression and left physically intact a people content with a 1950's attitude in a push-button world dominated by ubiquitous wall-sized tv screens?

There is a dearth of imagination in the core homosexual relationship as well. It is a transient series of good-morning/good-night gestures (the opening and closing of the book) which lack involvement and commitment and offer no particular contrast to the uncaring abstinence of Bret's parents (who take a disinterested center stage every other chapter or so). There is no suggestion of a gay consciousness at work — so why bring it in at all?

Lacking an imaginative setting and a main character who ignores conscious choices and options even when confronted with a gigantic national hoax, the reader is left with no outlet for imagination or options, either, except to ignore this novel out of kindness to its author and go back to *Ed Dean Is Queer* or on to a more successful experiment.

— P. Kimmel

## BAD PROSE DOESN'T DIE EITHER

You think it's clear what is a good book and what isn't? You just assume that a brilliant novelist like Edmund White makes scads of money? And you think bad writers get their just deserves when it comes to who makes a buck? How wrong you are. White has recently begun to reap the benefits of good sales from his novels, especially after the well publicized release of his *States of Desire* which will be brought out in paperback by Bantam soon. But bad writers, and I mean really bad writers, don't necessarily do badly. Wallace Hamilton's *Kevin* (St. Martin's Press, \$9.95) is a bad book. A silly fantasy projection of a chicken queen about a lawyer-type living in a small city who gains the approval of a needy adolescent's



Cowboy hats, western shorts, boot jeans, boots, spurs, buffalo chips — *The Cowboy Catalog* tells you not only what they are, but where to get them.

parents to drag the kid off to New York where they live happily, monogamously ever after. The first surprise about this book is that St. Martin's published it. The second is that NAL bought the paperback rights for a not inconsiderable amount of money. Groan.

But, as Edmund White himself says as often as he can find a podium, gay readers deserve a full spectrum of gay themed books. We deserve gay detective novels, gay gothics, gay everything. Why not? It's a disservice to all concerned to limit the appeal of the gay volume. And, subject matter alone is no reason to condemn a book. Ruth Turk writes one of those Dear Abby like advice columns. She's taken the same subject matter as Wallace Hamilton and turned her book, *More Than Just Friends*, into one of the most enjoyable paperback original books yet.

*More Than Just Friends* (Bantam, \$2.50) is a wonderfully nothing book. Again, we have a successful older man who this time lives in the suburbs and who falls in love with a teenager. Evil characters are evil, good characters are good. And good overcomes evil. The outcome is much more realistic than Hamilton's book — the boy leaves the older man and goes his own way to learn and make his own mistakes, though even he ends with a happy ending at least hinted

at. His main role has been to bring the older man out, get him out of the suburbs and into Manhattan. Once there, once he deals with his closet mentality, the older man can go his own way also, and once he's done the mandatory public coming out he can and does find a lover, the acceptance of his favorite daughter and a fabulously happy ending.

*More Than Just Friends* is romantic, happy, ridiculous, inconsequential, and just a lot of fun to read on an airplane or at the beach.

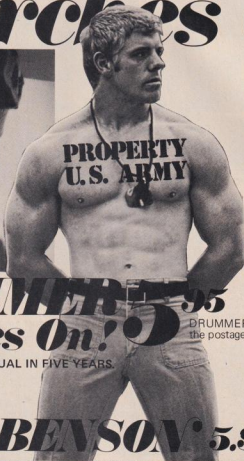
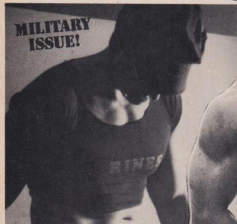
*The Cowboy Catalog* by Sandra Kauffman (Clarkson N. Potter, \$22.50 cloth; \$10.95 paperback) is one of the big format catalog books that are so much in vogue. It's an amazing resource for those of you into cowboy lore or gear, with plenty of addresses for mail order shopping and even recipes for real western food. It's all a question of how authentic you want to get.

Do you care about religion? Why? Well, if you do, if you want to understand all the pros and cons of religious arguments about homosexuality, *Homosexuality and Ethics*, edited by Edward Batchelor, Jr. (Pilgrim Press, \$10.95) is by far the best, most readable and most authoritative collection of religious viewpoints yet assembled. Yawn.

— John Preston



# DRUMMER Marches On!



IT'S TIME AGAIN FOR THE DRUMMER ANNUAL and boy, is this one timely! DRUMMER MARCHES ON is all military. As long as our country's young hunks are registering for the draft, DRUMMER felt the least it could do is to give them a guide to go by. Military discipline, adventure, punishment and combat are examined in the hottest fiction, art and photography you have come to expect from DRUMMER. This issue has a special fiction section on S&M Soldiering, More Movie (Maritime) Mayhem, and uniforms up the ass. It is going to press immediately and has a limited press run, so get your order in now.

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I am 21 years of age \_\_\_\_\_ (signature)



# DRUMMER views the Flicks

## BONES IN THE SKY

*Vengeance Is Mine*, the first new film by Japanese director Shohei Imamura in a decade, manages to explore the personality of a psychotic killer and the breakdown of Japanese society in a fast, clean, almost effortless manner. The brilliance of Imamura's art lies in the complexity of this film — reaching as it does for multi-levelled conclusions with icy determination on all fronts. Based on a true incident, *Vengeance Is Mine* follows a series of Japanese films being seen in America (in *The Realm of The Senses*, *Empire of Passion*, etc.) that are both critical successes and popular with mainstream audiences. American audiences will respond to the talents of a well-versed director in this film, and miss the underlying social implications.

A little background: Japan is, for all intents and purposes, still an isolationist country. It has resisted, sometimes successfully, invasion, influence and dissent. All of its fronts have come under attack in some form or another, from creeping Christianity, to foreign trade and influence, to invasion, to the devastating defeat of WW2. Each time, Japan has withdrawn into itself and reconstituted a national policy of order, culture, independence from the outside.

The biggest crunch has come in the last half-dozen decades, and currently, the biggest threat is the generation of almost completely Westernized Japanese exercising political muscle and defying the tradition order.

The Japanese see anti-social behavior like that of the killer Enokizu in this film, as a rare and almost incomprehensible attitude. Things unacceptable are often blamed on an imaginary alien influence. And the outside influences have been broad — but typified as Western. Coupled with this particularly devastating aspect of non-Japanese behavior is religious beliefs. So, the director, to insure that Japanese audiences would have no difficulty with his intention, paints the villain, Enokizu, as follows: a rebellious son of a converted Christian Japanese fisherman who has been displaced by the Imperial Japanese Navy into the role of shopkeeper — itself lower on the social ladder than here in the West.

Enokizu embodies all that Japan sees as disrupting: a Western attitude about individuality, psychotic, Christian, a criminal, and a killer. This is entertainment as propaganda.

But, because it is based on a true incident, the character and the film are more palatable than one might assume from the heavy-handed polemic of the message.

When the film opens, we are almost at the end of the tale; Enokizu has been arrested and is beginning to confess. The

story of the last 83 days and incidents from the killer's childhood are mixed and reshuffled to fill out a character study that is mesmerizing and whole. The narrative line criss-crosses itself with slash-and-burn accuracy.

To reconstruct the life of Enokizu, we are told the following: As a child he watched his stern and powerful father subjugated to the will of the Emperor's Imperial Navy, his fishing boats conscripted, and his family displaced. When he tries to take his father's side, attacking the Navy officer with a fury perhaps only believable in a child — he is betrayed by his father, punished for his actions. We are told that this act, the betrayal, sets the course for the rest of his life. Western audiences might find the point a bit simplistic — but to a Japanese viewer, the betrayal ranks with the rest of the galaxy of untouchables: honor, pride, respect.

Enokizu becomes a rebel, a teenage outlaw (we are told). He defies his father and defies traditional Japanese convention. After WW2, when he is a young man, he becomes a translator for the military allies. Twice in the film the character slips an English phrase into his dialogue.

He rejects the arranged marriage partner, selects his own wife, a Buddhistist, and forces her to convert to Christianity. He continues a life filled with petty crimes until he is arrested and convicted of fraud and sent to prison.

During his incarceration his wife leaves the family — taking her two children off to a spa resort where she works and lives. The father, already devastated by his son's actions, pleads with her to return — to reunite what is left of their shamed family. She does, but her motivation is a sexual desire for the father. It is an almost unspeakable yet completely understood aspect of intimate behavior. The father, caught in the throes of his Christianity, spends the rest of his life fighting his own desires.

When Enokizu is released from prison, he is westernized (with the attitude of the West represented by psychosis, rebellion and deception). He doesn't dress, act or think Japanese. He accuses his father of seducing his wife, and spurs family, wife and convention. His parting insult to them both is merely that he would have enjoyed watching them copulate.

Enokizu is, by this point, lost. He has no recourse but crime (Japan offers, as far as the director is concerned, no alternatives to the system). His rampage begins with the murder of a municipal worker and his companion in one of the most adventurous cinematic undertakings. He deceives, cheats, lies and slaugh-

ters his way into a box — the inescapable conclusion that his own self-destruction is his goal.

The new cinema from Japan is highly accessible to Western audiences. Since the *Realm of the Senses* trial in 1978, cinema and film expression has been opened up to themes and visuality heretofore denied. Ironically, this is a great part of the threat to Japanese attitude the country fears. And *Vengeance Is Mine* manages to illustrate that threat with a masterfulness that garnered it an award as Japan's best film in 1979 — yet widens the gap of alienation through its explicitness and the almost cult-heroism of its central figure.

Imamura's style is so clean and slick that American audiences will have a hard time seeing this as anything more than a sexually-explicit, action-packed crime drama. But the film, like the finest Japanese flower arrangement, is structured by much, much more than meets the untrained eye.

— John W. Rowberry

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DRUMMER 56



# SEX GARAGE

The man on the bike with the silver spurs passed again. Three times now, each at a slower speed. This time so slow it seemed like slow motion, like some slowed-down film. Like in a dream . . .

*photos by Yank*

By Terrance Sagan

# YOU WANT IT?



My eyes followed him the first time he streamed past where I stood on the corner, waiting. For what? For him?

The second time, my head moved along with my eyes. And while he didn't look back, stared straight ahead, he saw me standing near the curb, eyes wide, lips slightly parted like in sleep, black leather jacket covering a rapidly beating chest, cap at half-mast, eyes shaded. He saw without turning from his straight-line sight, like a cyclist in a dream sees with eyes cleverly concealed in the back of his head.

The third time all time slowed to a stop. Inside, a ticking, a time-bomb that would go off (with any luck) soon. Me. Hungry, horny, anxious, willing, me. And he rode past, never looking back, real slow and graceful like only a man on a motorcycle can be graceful, with his piston-straight back, his leather-clad torso bent — not bent, but seemingly bent forward.

Suddenly I was aware I didn't need to move. If I waited, if I assumed this posture of willingness, he would come up to me (maybe not here, maybe somewhere else — sometime later) with a contract demanding my signature, making a mutual agreement that he would give me what I wanted, needed, craved. All I had to do was sign on the silver studded line.

*Find out what it is you need, where you can get it, what it will require, and how you can keep your integrity intact. That's what S&M is all about. That's what happens when boys come to me and expect me to take care of them. It's a contract, and I give them what they want if they sign.*

If I had found an address, a ticket, a map that would lead me there, I would have gone, willingly, unquestioningly to the garage. If I had stumbled on it, in a half-numb stupor, half-awake from a night of too much fantasy and too little reality, too many pages of too-well-known porn magazines sticking to the finger of my hands, and my balls aching, and my cock straining like a horse at the gate, I would have found the door, pounded it open with a furious, burning desire and crawled across the floor begging, begging, begging.

But as it was, the man on the motorcycle wearing the leather jacket, the studded belt, and the silver spurs brought me there — without a word, without a question. I belonged.

*How do you know?*

You never know until — and then you know for sure. You can think and wonder and wish and hope, but when and where tells you yes, and you know. And I knew that this was the place, and the time, and these were the men and I was the person. I belonged here, with them, then.

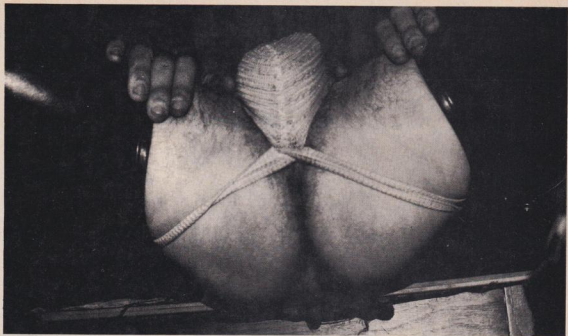
*What did he look like?*

Which one?

*The man on the motorcycle.*

Like death . . . and life, and power, and a man. No posing, no symbols, no clues. A man in jeans and a leather jacket and a cap and a studded belt. Tall. Silent. He never looked at me, yet he saw me with eyes that ripped off my clothes and made me willing and excited and hard. He stripped off my identity as quickly as he stripped off the facade of





the man on the corner waiting to be noticed. The clothes fell from my body and sweat streamed from my pores, washed me, and I was naked for the very first time.

*Describe the other man (men).*

There was one other man . . . there were two of them. All three circled me as I stood there, naked and trembling —

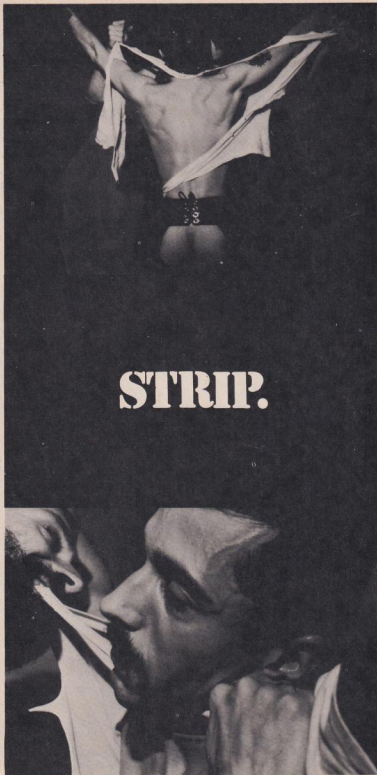
*You should tremble, The fear and excitement and anticipation and anxiety should make every muscle in your worth-*

*less body jump and contract and tremble. You should tremble so badly your knees knock together. You don't know what they (he) will do to you — you only know you'll let them (him). You should bite your lip with dread and excitement.*



**BEG.**





# STRIP.

I bit my lip, I was excited and terrified. No one spoke. No one said "strip" because I was already naked, standing naked on a bare concrete floor in an abandoned garage somewhere in a part of town I had never been. The men stood and looked at me with cattle-buyers eyes and I was a thin, worthless young calf. I kept my hands at my sides. My cock alternately rose to its hardest bone cracking fury and fell to a small dropping mass. Then the passion and excitement would return as one would walk close and stare at me with eyes I couldn't see, and my cock would stretch out and rise and thump against my stomach. Then a sneer, or a stillness, the fear of disapproval would make it fall, quickly, silently back down into my crotch.

I waited. Worried. Wondered.

One of the men walked right up to me with a dank, wet jockstrap in his hand and held it up to my face. He grabbed my jaw with his other hand and forced it open, then shoved the jockstrap, soaked with some stranger's piss, into my mouth, then drew his hand back and slapped me across the face, bringing tears to my wide-open, unblinking eyes.

*Which one did that?*

Another walked up to me with a short stiff riding crop and flicked it across my chest, aiming for one tit then the other, worrying the nipples, making them jump forward, stiff, red, pained. Then he ran the end of the crop over the surface of my lips, flicked it once against my cheek, and stepped back.

*What did the third man do?*

There were only two, both tall, powerful, muscular men in black leather. One only wore a jacket and a jockstrap. Perhaps the jockstrap in my mouth belonged to the other one. Maybe the piss that was running down my throat was his, already cold from exposure to the cold, dark garage.

I was taken over to the motorcycle and stretched over it, my hands tied with leather straps to the handlebars, my crotch shoved down against the seat, my toes trailing on the concrete. One of them put the key in the ignition, slammed his foot down on the pedal, and the engine caught. The heat of the machine rose up to meet my naked torso.

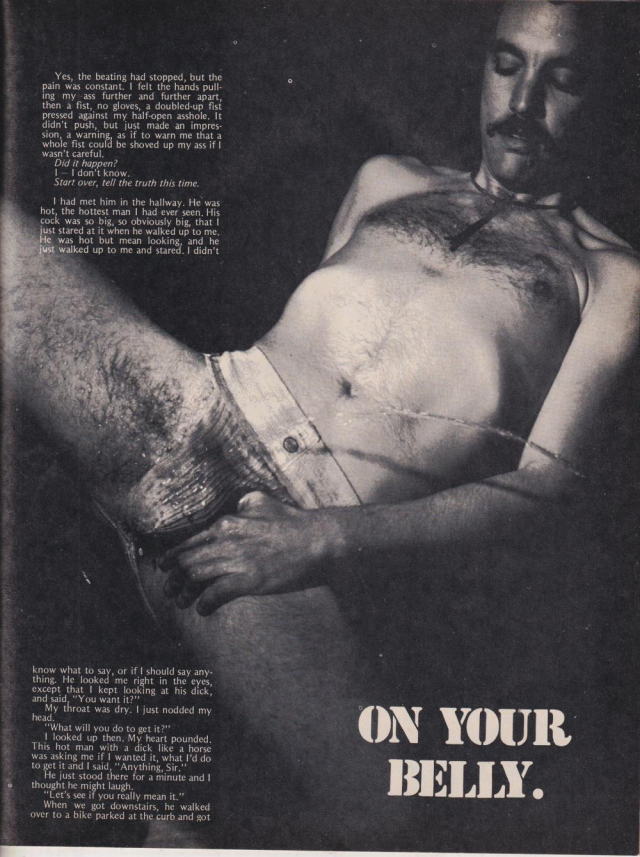
One of them (which one?) slapped the riding crop across my ass, first one cheek then the other. Each blow harder than the last, alternating cheeks, till the pain was mixed with a red hot wetness and I knew the blood was running down the inside of my legs.

*Was it a dream?*

No, I could feel every slap of leather point against broken skin. The motor was running. One of them (which one?) began to finger my asshole, carefully avoiding the rain of blows. A gloved finger dug its way inside. Then a second finger. A hand reached around and made sure the jockstrap was secure in my mouth, that I couldn't scream, that if I screamed there wouldn't be any sound, then I felt two hands pulling the cheeks of my ass apart, both hands wearing leather gloves.

The beating had stopped — or did I just imagine it had —

*Did it stop?*



Yes, the beating had stopped, but the pain was constant. I felt the hands pulling my ass further and further apart, then a fist, no gloves, a doubled-up fist pressed against my half-open asshole. It didn't push, but just made an impression, a warning, as if to warn me that a whole fist could be shoved up my ass if I wasn't careful.

*Did it happen?*

I — I don't know.

*Start over, tell the truth this time.*

I had met him in the hallway. He was hot, the hottest man I had ever seen. His cock was so big, so obviously big, that I just stared at it when he walked up to me. He was hot but mean looking, and he just walked up to me and stared. I didn't

know what to say, or if I should say anything. He looked me right in the eyes, except that I kept looking at his dick, and said, "You want it?"

My throat was dry. I just nodded my head.

"What will you do to get it?"

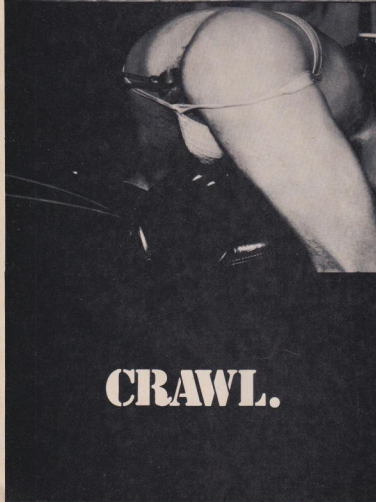
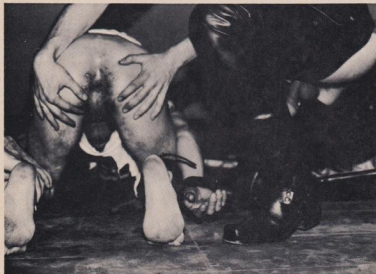
I looked up then. My heart pounded. This hot man with a dick like a horse was asking me if I wanted it, what I'd do to get it and I said, "Anything, Sir."

He just stood there for a minute and I thought he might laugh.

"Let's see if you really mean it."

When we got downstairs, he walked over to a bike parked at the curb and got

**ON YOUR  
BELLY.**



# CRAWL.

on. I got on behind him. He didn't wait to see if I was seated correctly, or holding on, or anything. He started the motor and drove away. I grabbed on to his jacket and closed my eyes, because I didn't know his name, or what he wanted, or where we were going.

He drove to a house in a residential neighborhood and stopped in front of a garage door.

"Get off."

He opened the door and drove the bike in the garage, turning it around to face me.

"Come in here and pull down the door."

When I turned around, he was sitting on the bike seat with his hands on his thighs.

"Crawl."

I sank to my knees and hands, walking like a dog toward him.

"On your belly."

I dropped down flat, inching my way toward him.

"Beg."

I moaned out, "Please, Sir, let me suck your cock, let me lick your boots, let me drink your piss, let me suck your cock, let me lick your ass, let me..."

I stopped when I got to his feet. I stopped and waited.

"That ain't good enough. You can't give me anything I can't get in some toilet in the subway. You gotta do better than that."

I crawled backward until I was almost to the garage door. I raised my head, "Sir I am not worthy. I am a worthless piece of shit, a toilet, an object for your pleasure or displeasure. I am not worthy of eating the dirt from your boots, of licking the oil from your garage floor..."


*Stop! It wasn't like that! Stop lying, stop making it up as you go along, tell the truth!*

I was in a bar and a man passed me a card. It read: If you're man enough to serve three Masters, call this number. This is no joke.

I called the number, I was told when and where to report. I was told what to wear. I was told that if I was one minute late or one minute early, that I would be rejected. The address was a garage.

I waited around the corner until it was time. I hurried to the street number and the door opened. I walked inside. There were three men, each standing in the garage waiting for me. The door closed, and although I didn't look back, I realized there was a fourth man behind me.

His voice said, "Strip." I did, shucking my clothes and dropping them in a pile on the floor beside me. One of the men in front of me unzipped his jeans. I walked up to him and knelt. He took out a half-hard, uncut, smelly cock and stuck the end of it in my mouth. I started to work my tongue under his foreskin, but a bolt of piss shot into my mouth and I started swallowing it as fast as I could. I heard another zipper coming down, and heard another man walking toward me in heavy boots. I kept drinking the warm, strong piss — then the second man began pissing over my shoulder, down the front of my chest.



*Are you sure this is the truth?*

No, I don't know. I can't explain.

There is always the hesitation, the moment when a decision can't seem to take shape. There is the instant where a demand, a request, a desire fuse into some bastardized fantasy. If the need is strong, even if the will is weak, the need will win. The need will bring the hesitation at least to a place where decisions are no longer possible. The need will translate into undeniable physical action, the shedding of even the last hold on to reality, the leap into the abyss of impossibilities.

If the need is strong enough, anything is possible; any circumstance can become any situation. Any form can take any shape. Any reality can assume the space of any fantasy. Any fantasy can live.

If the need is strong enough.

*Are you finished? Do you want to start again?*

No. Yes.

*Tell me how it began —*

The man on the bike with the silver belt passed by three times before he stopped. Each time he circled the block he passed slower. Each time he circled, I saw more and more details: like how his black tee-shirt fit over the mold of his pecs; how his thick wrists were attached to sweaty hands that gripped the handle-bars with determination and power.

I watched him each time he passed, hoping he would stop.

# STOP.

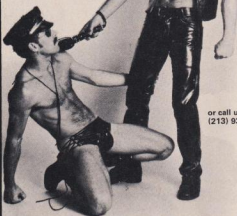
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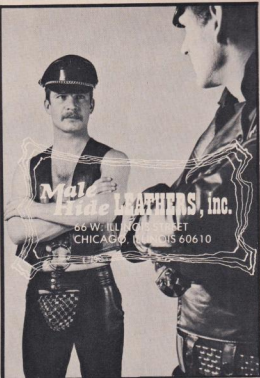
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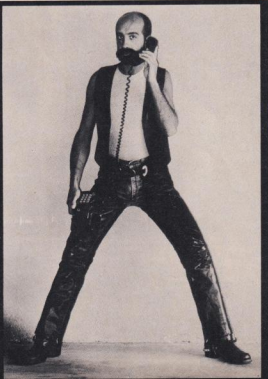
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PHOTO: BAD SHOTS





(Continued from page 46)

"Please, Sir," I say respectfully. It is easy to be respectful when somebody has you by the balls.

"Please what, officer?" He pulls my balls down and feels like another foot or two. I yell, He whacks my prick hard with the back of his hand. Man, that smarts.

"What do you say, boy?"

"Thank you Sir," whispers a voice behind me. "Thank you, Sir," I repeat.

"You enjoying yourself, boy?"

The answer has to be "Yes, Sir," whether I am or not. I answer just that. Mr. Leather gets conversational. "What would you do to get down, boy?"

"Anything!" Wrong answer. I get a burning smack across my bare ass.

"What was that?"

"Anything you want, Sir." And that isn't too far from wrong. I am stretched to the splitting point. My arms are getting numb and my feet are so tender from the jagged concrete that they seem on fire. My legs are starting to shake from the stretching and the weight. "Anything you say," hurriedly, "Sir."

"You look like a good cocksucker to me." I almost shit. I'd rather die. I said nothing.

Whack! Nothing. Another bigger whack. Followed by a half dozen great big ones. I screamed, "Sir, yes Sir. Whatever you say, Sir."

"Say it."

"I am a good cocksucker, Sir."

"What do you guys do to the bikers that you haul to the station house?"

He had a point there. So I made up a lurid, if brief statement, punctuated with 'Sirs'. Then it dawned on me that what I had claimed the cops did to bikers, these guys might decide to do to me.

Mr. Leather ran a proprietary hand up my right leg. He stopped at where it met my left leg and took my ball sac in his hand. He bounced my balls thoughtfully for a brief time. I tensed, here comes the stretching act again. But his hand ran on up through my pubic hair (still there, thank God) up my belly and to my chest. He took my right nipple between his thumb and finger and squeezed. I inhaled sharply. He twisted it and I arched my aching back. He twisted it and I moaned, "Please, Sir." There went my fucking cock again, straight out. Fear, be damned!

"Whose tit is this, asshole?"

"M-m-mi — — — YOURS, Sir!"

He turned it loose and grabbed my balls. "Whose are these, boy?"

I was faster this time. "Yours, Sir."

He slapped my big, stiff prick again and growled. "You call this a prick? Shit, my slave has a bigger one than this." He hit it again and it bounced up at attention just as fast.

"I'm sorry, Sir." On top of everything I had to piss. Even with a roaring hard-on. I wouldn't dare, particularly with my captors standing right in the line of fire. Or so I thought.

His hand traveled between my outstretched legs and ran up the crack of my ass. "Anybody ever use this the way it was intended."

I knew exactly what he was talking about. What did he want me to say? tried the truth. "No, Sir. Nobody. Never. Sir."

"That's a shame." Maybe we can correct that." Oh God! They wouldn't! The hell they wouldn't!

We then went through a lot of verbal abuse. The big boy was taking his time. I was fully expecting at the very least to be raped and for the most, worse. He merely made me make humiliating statements about myself, about police in general, but myself in particular. He made me humble myself and with the help of the belt he took from my own uniform pants, he had me shouting various derogatory statements concerning my lineage, my sex habits, my stature as a man and some more sex habits. It is amazing what the hot sting of a leather belt across one's posterior can produce in the way of attitude. It was almost psychologically cathartic. I screamed out self-abuse by the ton. I humbled myself and verbally worshipped him. The slave stood to one side, eyes downcast, merely listening to the direction the inquisition was taking.


I was beginning to notice, perhaps mostly to keep my mind off my pain and the need to pee, that my mentor, and for that matter, his slave, were rather good physical specimens. Even if I hadn't been rendered helpless I probably would have had quite a job ahead of me trying to subdue either one of them. The slave was very solidly built. I was amazed that he was so subservient. Maybe that was his trip. Or maybe he had been through nights and days of what I was going through. With the constant harranging I was becoming brainwashed for the moment. Who knows, maybe permanently. I begged, I pleaded, I humiliated myself, saying what they demanded I say. I lost all sense of manhood, of worth and became a pitiable, pleading piece of flesh stretched out bareassed in the open air for whoever wanted to use me.

Finally when they tired of the game, they simply turned around, gathered up my uniform and boots. The slave unpinned my special officer's badge and handed it to Leather man. He then knelt down in front of me for his master to stand on his bared back. Mr. Leather pushed the pin on the back of the badge right through my left tit, accompanied by my scream. I looked down and watched a small trickle of blood run down my chest.

That is the way they left me. It took at least an hour to get one of my hands free and quite a while after that to work the other loose, stretched as I was between the two points. I hot-wired the car and drove back down the hill mother-naked. I guess I could have filed a complaint, but what would I charge these persons unknown with? I guess I had been violated, but hardly raped. Nothing had gone up my ass or in my mouth and I certainly hadn't ejaculated. In fact, I stopped the car on a little side road and got out, thought over the past few hours, leaned up against a tree and beat off with the fresh summer air on my nude body. I kept muttering "Yes, Sir" and "Thank you Sir" until I shot. I looked down at the huge glob of semen on the ground a foot or two away. I simply stood there, hoping no one would come along to see my shame.

Or maybe hoping someone would.

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# ASTROLOGIC

## Libra

SEP. 23-OCT. 22

**LIBRA S:** (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) Get ready for Fall cleaning. Give all your slaves an autumnal enema. Chateau Lafitte Rothschild '57 would be a typically tasteful Libra douche.

**LIBRA M:** What do you mean you want ice cubes in it? That's too masochistic even for you.

**SCORPIO S:** (Oct. 23-Nov. 21) Late summer is flea time. Give your favorite slaves protection with an all-day flea collar. Line the insides with sharp steel studs.

**SCORPIO M:** When you scratch, use your hind legs like real dogs do. It amuses guests and removes ticks.

**SAGITTARIUS S:** (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) Adopt a pet for companionship during the coming Fall. Nothing is more subservient than a dog... except a Sagittarius slave.

**SAGITTARIUS M:** Bark and beg your Master to throw you a bone... one for each end.

**CAPRICORN S:** (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Did you chain your unruly slave up and force him to watch the Republican Convention? Strike new terror into his heart: Remind him Ronald Reagan could win!

**CAPRICORN M:** Scare your S in return... Remind him that if Reagan doesn't, Carter will! Or worse, Billy!

**AQUARIUS S:** (Jan. 21-Feb. 18) During idle periods, tape your slave's lips to your asshole in a patriotic attempt to save gas.

**AQUARIUS M:** With lips in position, feed your Master lots of bean salads to get more m.p.h. (masochism per mile).

**PISCES S:** (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Put only single-ply toilet tissue in your slave's bathroom causing him to develop feces fingers... (much darker than nicotine stains).

**PISCES M:** Learn not to suck your thumb when it's not being used for a butt-plug.

**ARIES S:** (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Autumn is a good time for a new beginning. Starting over as a virgin isn't quite as easy as it sounds, but if you're a real Master, force yourself.

**ARIES M:** It's even harder to start over as a virgin when your cherry has been fisted to bits.

**TAURUS S:** (Apr. 20-May 20) It's national "Shave-a-Slave" month! Thrill to cold, sharp steel straight razors slicing smoothly over hot tender flesh, shearing erect follicles from around nipples, navels, testicles.

**TAURUS M:** For a real thrill, before being shaved by a straight razor, see *Dressed to Kill*.

**GEMINI S:** (May 21-June 20) Promise to visit a friend and not show up. Sometimes this can be really cruel and inconsiderate; sometimes it can be a blessing.

**GEMINI M:** Does your Master never take you anywhere anymore because of your (gasp!) *BAD BREATH*? Correct this by simply knocking all of your teeth out!

**CANCER S:** (June 21-July 22) Piss parties in your pool... Recycled beer bashes at the beach... Ahhh... Sic *Transit Gloria Summer*.

**CANCER M:** No, slave, Gloria Summer is no kin to Donna Summer. Back onto the rack for Latin lessons!

**LEO S:** (July 23-Aug. 22) Invite all of your slaves to dinner to meet each other. Then sit back while they jealously fight it out over you to the last man. Then beat the shit out of the winner.

**LEO M:** Whatcha mean you thought you were the only one in your Master's heart? No wonder you're a stupid masochist.

**VIRGO S:** (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Next to the pleasure of getting a new slave is that of getting rid of an old one.

**VIRGO M:** You have no right to know pleasure except when it is cleverly disguised as pain. Fortunately you never could tell the difference.

—by **Aristide**  
DRUMMER 67

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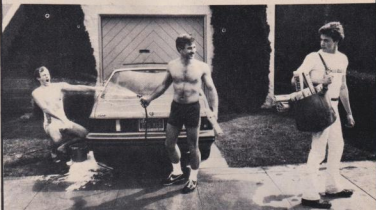


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# THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Larry —

I really like to wear leather; I like the feel of it, and I think it makes me look very sexy. My problem is that I'm just not into any kind of S&M or FF activity, and a lot of guys seem to think I am because of my leathers. I also dig the more butch, "macho" numbers who go to the leather-western type bars. Can you suggest some way to avoid the embarrassing incidents which I am sure you can imagine having resulted from this situation?

Phil in Jersey

Dear Phil —

One of the suggested handkerchief codes for your situation is white (for virginity?). However, I think this is sometimes more of a challenge than a discouragement in a determined hunter. The most sensible remedy is simply to tell your prospective partner that you're not into... whatever you're not into. I know that this can present a time problem, since cruising techniques are seldom refined to a point where one enters into this kind of discussion immediately after the introductions. You are, after all, hanging out the signals and doing it in an area where your prospective partners have a right to expect you to follow through. At the risk of being unkind, I would suggest that you get your leather-clad ass out of our bars until you're ready to use it appropriately.

Dear Larry —

Because of my size and appearance, I'm always expected to be topman when I get into a scene. I'll admit that I'm afraid to display the "M" signals, because I don't want everyone to know how I really feel (keys, handkerchief, etc.). I really do want to be mastered, though, and I don't know how to do this. I'm getting to a point where I'm not really a very good top, either, because I keep thinking how much I'd like to be where my partner is. What can I do?

A Closet M

Dear Closet —

Since I have gradually re-evaluated my earlier estimated ration (3 m's for every "S") toward something closer to one in ten, I'm sure your problem is not unusual... in fact, it's probably among the most common. On the one hand, you are like the hero who commits his medal-winning act because he's more afraid of the derision he will receive by failing to do it than he is of the potential consequences of his actions. On the other hand, your dilemma also results from the fact that you have the odds against you in seeking a top, both because the bottoms greatly outnumber them, and because the other M's are pretending the same way you are. Until you have the guts to "wear it on the right" (or on whichever side is appropriate to your area), you are going to be forced to rely on verbal expressions of interest (much like Phil in the letter above). If even this is difficult or impossible for you, how about expressing your interest in a "switch around": i.e., "I do it to you, and you do it to me"? Half a loaf, after all...

Dear Larry —

One of my big fantasies is about having someone shave my pubes, and there have been a couple of times when it would have happened if I hadn't objected. I go to a gym, and I also live with another guy (not a lover, exactly), and I don't want to have to explain what happened to me. It's getting harder to resist the temptation, so I know eventually it is going to happen. Can you tell me how long it will be before I can appear in public, so to speak?

Hairy in LA

Dear Hairy —

Most guys will grow it back in "presentable" profusion within four to six weeks. If you rub the area with vaseline or some other lubricant you can encourage the growth. Too bad you have to be so concerned, however; a true M should be proud of his scars. Of course, a lot of people are shaved for a variety of reasons — some simply by choice (and their own hand). On the other hand, if you're afraid they'll think you had the crabs...

Dear Larry —

I notice from some of your writings that you are into classical music, especially opera. Lately, I've found a lot of other leather guys are too? Any idea why?

Curious in SF

Dear Curious —

Although I hate to admit it, many of us have lived long enough to develop a more refined taste in a lot of areas — food, drink and sex, as well as music. I've also found that most leather people tend to be fairly well educated, which means they have been exposed to classical music and learned to like it. If you've never fucked (or been fucked, as the case may be) in time to The Ride of the Walkuries, you haven't lived! (You see, it's okay to be tacky as long as you know you're being tacky.)

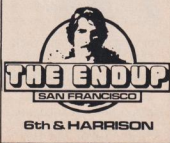
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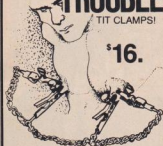




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#### LESBIAN SAILORS

One of the witnesses in the Norton Sound case, in which eight women are being tried for homosexuality by the military, testified that she observed one of the defendants giving another of the defendants a kiss "of a sexual nature" while lying in the dark on a bed at a motel in California last fall. She also claims she got so embarrassed that she spent the night in the closet.

A remarkable witness, Petty Officer Second Class Joyce Arnold seems able to (1) see in the dark (2) determine which kisses are sexual and which are not — no mean feat, not being the kisser or the kisser, and (3) has an acute ability to sleep in the fetal position in a closet.



#### MAO COCK

Dung, Hung and Dong is not a Chinese law firm specializing in shit-smearing, but a general, a minister and a premier. Without causing an international incident, we'd like to report that Dong is really Hung, Dung is Lo, and Wong is Wang (who subsequently started a computer firm in North America). Ping, Pang and Pong were not available for comment.

#### MAN BITES MAN

After examining injury reports from hospitals in New York City, Dr. John S. Marr, an assistant health commissioner, and two medical colleagues came up with some little-known news: more people were bitten by other people in 1977 than were bitten by rodents. They said people biters had sent 892 victims to hospitals for treatment, while rodents had injured 229.

There is no visible letup in the

trend. "That's been true for the last three years that we've been collecting that information," Dr. Marr says.

In 1978 there was a slight drop in reported human bites, to 763, but last year (1979) the total zoomed to 973 — while rodent bites were only 233.

The bites were on every part of the body, with no obvious place appearing as the preferred mouthful.

*Wanta bet?*



COPYRIGHT 1980 MARVEL COMICS

#### HULK GETS RAPED (ALMOST)

In the October issue of *Hulk Magazine*, the Hulk goes on a mad rampage after his alter ego, Dr. Bruce Banner, is threatened with rape in a YMCA shower.

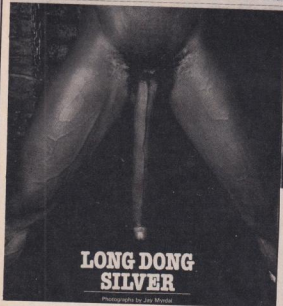
In a story titled *A Very Personal Hell*, character Banner arrives in New York and is accosted by two men in the shower of the YMCA. One is a Black, who comments about the soft white texture of Banner's skin, and the other is a blonde pseudo-jock type. Banner reacts with the "Gee . . . what do you guys want?" mentality of a Mormon. The new stereotype of gays created for this comic book is threatening, vicious, and physically dangerous. As if gay men raped non-gay men in YMCA showers every day!

Jim Shooter, the author of this Hulk episode, is a boy-wonder in the comic field who uses the comic as a vehicle for his own reactionary sexual values. He is not unique among his peers. Another young artist working for Marvel Comics, in a recent interview, singled out an artist he refused to let ink his drawings because "all his men are queer."

Reader comments may be directed to:  
Marvel Comics  
575 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022



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## BIGGER THAN A BREADBOX

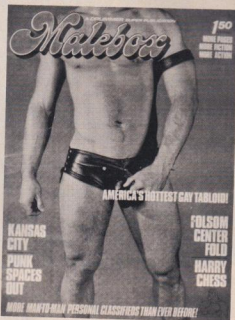
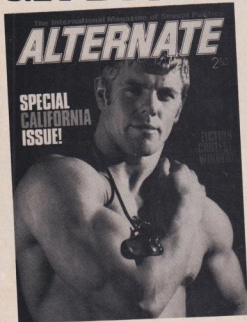
As part of their continuing search for the bizarre in life, Club International magazine hosted this feature spread in their "Best of" issue No. 5 on "Long Dong Silver," a resident of New London, CT with an unmeasur-

able cock. Swearing that the photos are authentic, and they looked real enough to us, editor Roger Cook is willing to state that this is the longest cock in America and probably the world. Anyone who wishes to challenge this can do so by writing Roger

Cook at Club International, Box 5074, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022. But be prepared to submit to the scrutiny of their cameras. But if a DRUMMER reader has a bigger cock than this dude, we want to hear about it first!

[illegible]

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# DRUMBEATS



## HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL TWO BITS A WORD

### ALABAMA

HANDSOME, funloving, levi/leather Harley rider, Taurus, 39, 5'10", 160 lbs., white, wishes to share fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish buddy to 50. Dig motorcycle riders, unformed cycle cops, high boots, chaps, breeches, horses, Mustache/beard a turn on. Seeking permanent friendships. No feds, feds, drugs. Box 451A.

### ARIZONA

**LIVE-IN SLAVE & LOVER**  
Wanted by S, 6'2", blond, blue eyes, hairy, masculine, muscular, 43, with 6'5" and huge bull balls. Slave/lover should be 18-32, physically and psychologically capable of daily training and sex in all disciplines, not complete submission. All financial needs met for right M. No feds, feds, family ties, hustlers or heavy drugs. Revealing photo w/ descriptive background. Be honest and save us both time. Must be willing to move to Phoenix. No photo, no reply. Hurry and become my property. Box 131.

### ARKANSAS

**LITTLE ROCK SLAVES**  
Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., 8'5" uncult; if you are white, masculine, not overweight. Interested in shaving your crotch, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand, fist-fucking, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number and when you are available. Box 308B.

### CALIFORNIA

**SIR!**  
LOS ANGELES M, 35, 6'1", 150 lbs., 9", into TLC or kinky filthy hot scenes. This slave needs gentle but FIRM master. Box 969.

Answering a Drumbeat ad is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. Put your return address on the envelope if

**SAN FRANCISCO.** Creative mutual bondage, C/B, TT, leather toys, sensual play, exhibitionism, groups, shaving. Experienced or novices. I am w/m, 31, tall, blonde, handsome, horny, playful, serious and ready. Box 968.

### CHAIN ME UP

For the weekend. Don't let me see your face. Shave my head before you hood me. Cover me shaved, belt-marked body with piss & hot wax. Give me nothing to eat but piss & cum (maybe even my own). I need imaginative Master who respects my limits. San Francisco, 44, 6', 170 lbs., w/m. Box 640.

**SAN FRANCISCO HOT S,** 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., 8" looking for young intelligent macho bootlicking cockucking slave into tit torture, B&D, FF, W/S, or anything else I order. Applications will be considered with photo. Ken, Box 695.

### HOT MEN NEEDED

For photo sessions with San Francisco-based artist. Must be physically appealing (muscular) and extremely open-minded. No feds, no feds, no feds, no feds. Compensation depends on the man. Box 769.

**LIKE TO FUCK** the brains out of 18-25 year-olds. Box 767.

W/M, smooth, desperately seeks firm hand, guidance and training from mature, hirsute, serious Master, willing to consider inexperienced, unfulfilled, but needful 31 year old. My Master would command respect from his person, not his brutality. Bay Area only. Box 737.

**LOS ANGELES, S,** Libra, 40, 5'10", 155 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable, attractive, imaginative stud is good top man for obedient, uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, feds, feds, Love sex. Box 133.

### HOT NIPPLEMEN

Big-titted stud seeks big worked-on nipples. Box 13.

**HOLLYWOOD, M,** 44, 5'6 1/2", 130 lbs., willing to try anything with the right Master. Prefer w/m, 35-55 with leather, levi, jockstrap. Box 392.

**APO/SF, SM,** 35, 5'8", 165 lbs., semi-muscular, short hair, return to States in April '80. Looking for aggressive, masculine 25-45, with willingness to try new things. No feds, feds, Box 256.

**WOODLAND HILLS, M,** Pisces, 40, 5'10", white, 165 lbs., 8", enjoys cock and ball action, catheters, enemas, serious sex by controlling Master; 3-ways. Box 132M.

**LOS ANGELES, M,** Virgo, 49, 5'10", 145 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

**LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo,** 42, 6'1", 165 lbs., white, 6", novice, willing and eager to learn complete submission, to suffer or cause suffering within limits with reliable partner to 45. No mutilation, physical handicapped. Box 208.

### MUSCLES AND PECS

Very muscular bearded BB, 37, seeks leather jocks for wild fun. Art Thompson, 525 N. Laurel, Los Angeles, CA 90048.

I have served the best but most now look for someone new. I am 40, 6'3", 175 lbs., blond. I know how to treat you if you know how to treat me. No games unless you want them and no limits, of course. Box 388.

W/m, masculine, husky hunk, 49, 6'3", 235 lbs., virile, experienced, wants macho studs near my size, 30 plus only. Into tit play, body contact. One on one possible. California bodybuilders, cowboys, leathermen, etc. reply to Box 170.

**SAN FRANCISCO w/m,** 41, 6', 170 lbs., wants action not talk. FF (top), whipping, fucking, sucking, heavy tit work. Box 677.

You want the letter returned should there be some problem with delivery. Put proper postage on the envelope. Include 25c for each letter you want forwarded. Put the whole thing (sealed letter and fee) in another envelope addressed to Drummer. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

**SIR!** W/m slave, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7" cut, trim beard and moustache seeks Master for serious training. Am obedient, respectful, quick learner, goodlooking, masculine and need to be brought to my knees in service. Bob, 256 S. Robertson, No. 3089, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Can travel.

**HOLLYWOOD, 30, 6'1",** 160 lbs., into pumped muscles sweating in tight black leather and steel chains, tight jocks and jeans, total submission wrestling. Handsome, hot and horny under — 30 studs who need special treatment send photo and phone to Box 366.

### WESTERN MOUNTAIN MAN

Biker toman looking for macho men whose realities are leather/levis, cock & ball torture, water sports, rape and chain bondage, belt whippings, sweat and boots. Am 6', 180 lbs., 7 1/2" uncult, w/m, beards, hot cops, cowboys, truckers, bikers are sure to get my attention. Box 318V2.

**FRESNO, w/m,** 40, Cancer, 5'10", 150 lbs. Like mellow scenes, top or bottom FF, erotic enemas, exploring fancy. No great hangups about race, race, etc. but not into chicken, dopers or grotesque freaks. Box 103C.

**SAN FRANCISCO MASTER** to work you over. Hairy, bearded, crew-cut erotic painter into total oral/anal play. Solid 210 lb. ex-coach expects obedience, dips worship, 6 1/2" cut, blue eyes, 5'10" sexual attitude, 52, wants macho partners who know how to serve. Only mentally & emotionally stable jocks seeking total involvement need apply. Relationship, including role-switching possible with right Man. Strong preference for hairy, red-headed, tattooed truckers and bikers looking for good hot times South of Market. Mellow scenes possible too. Enjoy Master of all ages. Willing to train novice. Respect limits but am firm. Push as far as partner's experience permits. For inspection and interview, reply with frank letter and recent photo. Box 493.

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**SAN FRANCISCO.** All right, ass-ive. So you think you're hot shit? Prove it! I'm a pussy bottom who might just turn the tables on you and make you grovel. You've got to be real hot to top me. I'm 29, hunky, hung, hot, leatherman, into your trip whatever it is, provided you're man enough to carry it through. Otherwise watch out! I'll be working MY top. Send a pic or word, bother answering you. Prove you're a "Sir," asshole! Box 100.

#### PIGS WANTED

**SAN FRANCISCO.** Two hot pig farmers, both w/m. S, 37, 5'8", 140 lbs., 7" cut. M, 40, 5'11", 155 lbs., 8" cut. Have sty, toys. FFA, WS, enemas, tits, ass eating and other games. Photo gets photo. Write Troy, Box 31701, S.F., CA 94131. No scat.

Matrue relaxed dude looking for buddies in north San Diego County. Rap, get it on, versatile MS, Sagittarius, cut, laid-back. Box 395.

Hairy guy into raunchy jack straps, WS, and heavy leather. Digs having a crotch lice. His boots pin on. Am 5', 155 lbs. B, white, 32. Photo in jack strap and leather jacket a must. Box 967.

**PALM SPRINGS, M.** 34, 6'2", 180 lbs., desires S who is dominant as much as well as body. Levis/leather a tirmon. Box 902.

**GLENDAL, S.** 38, 5'11", 152 lbs., 8" uncult. Chinese/Polish, muscle muscular build, into total anal equality. Looking for man in shape, 8" or bigger, with small hands. No pain, body odor, stupidity. Box 65.

#### KINKY FILTHY HOT

31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right in person or play both simultaneously. Into S&M, B/D, W/S, scat, leather, wear and raunchy Levis and jack straps, under some exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** S, 30, 6', 150 lbs., good body, wants appreciative M into WS, B&D, S&M. Phone & photo answered first. Box 001.

#### WANTED!

#### BIG MASTUR TITSI

P.O. Box 69, Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240.

#### SLAVE

Available for big tough millionaire, over 40. You set the limits. I'll earn my keep. 33, 5'11", 140 lbs., athletic, masculine, educated, sexy. NOT a phony. BB 115, Big Sur, CA 93920.

Hot, hunky, handsome stud, 30, 6', 160 lbs, into w/s, S&M, B&D, C/B/T. Kinky, kinky, kinky. I want mutual experimentation, expansion of limits. Open to all trips. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 284, Oceanside, CA 92054.

**BELT, PADDLE, RAZOR STRAP, WHIP.** Applications being taken by muscular 52, 6'2", 200 lbs. For bare ass whipping. Box 758.

**FRENCH PASSIVE DAD WANTED** Quiet, submissive, 40, 5'11", 160 lbs., slim and nice-looking, wants proud, masculine, bare-chested man to admire and worship. I am loyal and will give lots of f. I am one we built big and hard. Will live at your feet or in your strong arms. Age not important. Box 759.

#### L.A. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank armpits, slimey asshole and a cruddy uncult cock wears greasy, rotten, stinking boots, socks, jocks, t-shirts, levis and leather. Into spitting, playing, shitting, puking, sweating and farting. Gets off with chains, tires, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers and oil. Box 294V8.

**OROVILLE, 34, 6', 180 lbs., brown/brown, looking for master who loves leather as for feel, or taste, sight, I need humiliation. WS, hot i/o, feel, smell of warm/hot leather, scat and piss. I need the right man. W.R. Fiedler, Rt 2 Box 2498, Oroville, CA 95965.**

**ORANGE COUNTY, M.** 31, 6'4", 210 lbs., 8" cut, goodlooking, hairy chest, bearded leather slave needs MASTER, beard preferred, hairy, for heavy S&M, B&D, w/s. No shaving or drugs. Must be well hung. Send pic if possible. Box 766.

**HAYWARD, S.** 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 8 1/2" cut, muscular, goodlooking, looking for a kinky person. I want guys who are versatile and responsive. No fats, fems, flabby, older, out of shape. Should have good build and be into leather, levis or uniforms. Box 402.

**SM** 35, 5'8", 165 lbs., semi-muscular, 6'2", looking for masculine, aggressive man, 25-45, 5'8" or taller, under 200 lbs. Looking for men into trying new things. Box 256.

**HAYWARD, S.** muscular, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 8 1/2" cut; looking for together, well-built bottoms with eagerness to please, masculine appearance, under 35. Into all scenes with responsive partners. Box 402.

**SAN DIEGO, SM.** 39, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, has well-equipped game room for scenes with Masters or slaves, from novice to well-experienced. I have a lot of toys to use them. Should be over 25, clean, in leather or levis. Box 667F.

**SAN FRANCISCO MASTER.** 41, 5'9", 140 lbs., experienced in bondage, FF, WS, boots, S&M. Respectful of limits, willing to experiment. Fully equipped game room. Box 239.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** 29, 5'11", 150 lbs., uncult 7 1/2" looking for uncult, unclean, untamed big-dicked asshole destroyer. No shit, no damage, no drugs. Otherwise, anything goes. Photo of yours gets photo of mine. Box 666.

**VENICE, M.** 22, 6', 130 lbs., 6 1/2" cut, seeks Master, 21-35, to train me to do his bidding. Am novice but willing, need master with patience. Box 74.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** Cancer, 36, 5'10", 130 lbs., white, bearded bottom for rim/scat. Beard or moustache. No age or race restrictions. Box 101SF.

**SANTA MONICA, W/m.** 50, seeking someone into recycled beer, give and take. Box 286.

**OAKLAND, S.** Libra, 40, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7 1/2" knowledge, experienced, discreet, masculine, goodlooking, well-equipped, into toys, seeks slim, submissive partner to 26. Should be clean-shaven, clean-cut. Box 207.

**WEAPONS SCENEWANTED:** police, military, security, air gun enthusiast. Hot, strong, w/m, 30, travels. You call, I'll answer. Phone 813-926, 256 S. Robertson, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

#### ORAL SLAVE

**Frement, 38, 6'3", Black, 190 lbs., 7 1/2" uncult, loves total oral service; appreciates WS, dirty talk, name-calling, humiliation, verbal abuse, asshole licking. Looking for white, Latin, Asian, and leather. No slave. Should be 18-45, masculine, leather/levis. Box 104VC.**

**LOS ANGELES, S.** 45, 5'8", 135 lbs., solid, muscular, masculine stud, 7 1/2" cut; looking for masculine, slender or muscular man under 55, while I'm interested in fucking anything with a penis. I don't walk down the street with Box 667C.

#### TITS AND ASS

**LOS ANGELES, 40s,** stocky hairy body, shaved head wants pun warmers and warmers for long, reciprocal spanking, tit-pinching, enemas, and more. Prefer mature, clean non-smokers who'd rather do it than talk about it, want to expand limits for both of us. Box 709.

**AVALON, SM.** Leo/Virgo cusp, 39, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" uncult. An evil and imaginative mind destined to exploit any personal limits for mind-blowing orgasms, which I wish to share in either role (prefer dominant). Must have boat (live on island). Seek MC riders for summer runs. No body odor, bad teeth or soft bellies. Box 318V.

**LOS ANGELES, SM.** Leo, 26, 5'11", 130 lbs., white, 8", black hair, blue eyes, mustache, goodlooking, non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full time leatherman who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculine leather toman, under 45, to fulfill my desires to receive and respect any form of man who is secure with his position. A real man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, fats, fems, older. Write, Sir. Cal. Box 95113, L.A., CA 90028.

#### MASTER WANTED

**Novice stud slave, 5'8", 165 lbs.,** seeks dominant, strong master. Must be over 6 ft. with masculine attitude. The bigger the better. Box 54.

**SS** passive seeks object of dedication. 5'8", 150 lbs., 29, brown hair, hazel eyes. Docile when it matters. Open to most scenes with trustworthy top. Box 391.

#### SLAVE DANNY

**LOS ANGELES DANNY** I am more beautiful in bondage than in freedom, and I will submit to tortures, piercing, shaving, photography to you, Sir, or to groups. I will submit to be pleased with and proud of me. Box 35.

**LOS ANGELES, hot, trim, 34,** masculine, seeks same for leather/s&M and leather bondage. Send photo and phone. Box 638.

**HEY, HOT-LOOKING SHITHEAD!** Require smaller, muscular, younger dude who'd really love to worship the larger, demanding shitger. I'm a hairy shorking stud. 31, 148 lbs., 33, muscled. Apply to have your dog-sleaz nuts twisted, while you beg to wriggle your hungry douches but on my thick cock for the sixth sweating workout/humiliation, after which you just might be allowed one difficult ejaculatory session. Write to: P.O. Box 603, Salinas, CA 93902.

**Will slender young S.F. guy** needs a confident aggressive w/m who covers his arms as much as I will love them. Want those beautiful hands in my ass and throat. Have to be open enough to let me use your mouth and have something to be concealed about. Box 390.

**LONG BEACH AREA** uncult wanted by blonde/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 150 lbs., 5'10", 7 1/2" uncult, hot, well-hung. Dig hot, sweaty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 k. Rick, Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510.

#### STROKE TOGETHER!!

**California i/o buddies** sought. Lots of love, 100% i/o sessions. We're state-wide and growing. Details: H.H.C., Marc, Box 38837, Hollywood, CA 90038.

**SAN FRANCISCO, SM.** 41, 7', 5'10". Previous experience as an S, but leaning toward M role. Prefer a dominant who respects limits. Sex under 40, 5'10" and taller, hung over 6", dressed in full leather. Box 136H.

**LOS ANGELES, SM.** 40, 6', 190 lbs., 8" uncult, experienced Master or slave with cabin in the mountains for a while. Have had excellent training in both roles. Am gentle but firm, respect limits. Not into excessive pain or force. Prefer the experienced. Box 318V2.

**ARIZONA STUD TRAVELS** for hot scenes, 6', blk/bn, bearded, crew-cut, hung, w/m, 30's, 165 lbs. Scat, anal, to meet out heavy, bizarre punishment, metatony and other C/B/T as well as other semi-ultimate trips, including deep FF and the rest of your individual desires. The best practitioner will eventually get it all. Reply with phone, please, to: Boxholder, P.O. Box 26042, Phoenix, AZ 85066.

**SAN FRANCISCO.** Need help relocating SFO. Need job, apartment, friends, donations. Can you help me? Please? Michael D. Essig, Box 828, Jackson, MI 49203.

**SAN FRANCISCO,** goodlooking uncult stud. Seeks dominant butch unformed law man, cycle cop, leather SS or Gestapo types for hard trips, discipline, submission, mad doctor C&B, Witchcraft and a few other outrageous farout things that would not be Arcom, etc. No one who doesn't know where his head is. Please, Sir. Box 167.

**NORWALK** S looking for 18-30 who is willing to serve and can take w/s. I did. Am 23, 5'6", 125 lbs. Box 706.

**HUNG COWBOY.** Capricorn, 51, 6', 195 lbs., 8" x' w/m, wants slave, digs muscles, etc. Box 61, Van Nuys, CA 91408.

#### COLORADO

**Goodlooking athletic Colorado Cowboy, 26,** brown hair, blue eyes, leatherman, seeks masochistic partner. I've got a hairy butt that needs you. Box 542.

**DENVER MS.** 40, wants to meet toman to 50. No fems, fats, scat. Photo and phone a must. No out-of-towns. Box 397.

#### LEATHER TRAINING

**By older, experienced leatherman** to young novice; beginner or advanced, on temporary or lifetime basis. Master or top support efforts to achieve physical, career, educational and leathersex goals! Instructor C/O Mountain Men, Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218.

**Will write to all goodlooking, well-built guys wearing leather hats, jackets, or top hats. Ed Moyer, Box 616, Silverton, CO 81433.** Include photo.



## CONNECTICUT

**QUEST:** Emerging M, 39, fair w/ short rust hair, rambunctious, 5'11", 142 lbs., game 6'5", clean-shaven, slim, good w/ discipline, is ready to do more than dabble. Needs an intelligent, experienced Master, 45-50, to lead the way. The body's hot and requires some thoughtful training. Strong bond of trust essential. No scat, extreme pain, heavy drugs/drinking. I'm in search of this world but know I belong. Do you read me, Sir(s)? Live central CT. Photo appreciated but not essential. Box 680.

Those who want a dominant and experienced leather Master, send me your application. This is for friends of the Leather/Levi S&M Scene. Leather, toys, bondage and other interesting items will be used on acceptable applicants. Box 437.

S, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs., husky, hairy, 6" cut, masculine, firm; seeks clean-cut slave, 18-35, white, slim or muscular, into bondage and discipline, toys, willing to serve and obey. Box 257.

**MYSTIC, S, Arles, 50's, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 8", old hand.** Experienced top man will train uninhibited, honest partner to 50. No drugs, phones, dullards, fats, fems. Box 329.

**STANFORD S** with bull whip requires total obedience. Have 91% to forced your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20. Box 707.

**SM, 45, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, well-used** as looking for tall, well built, well hung slave. Box 965.

### "SWIMMERS BUILD"

Young, goodlooking w/m with trim build seeks other guys with swimmer builds into verbal abuse, discipline, mild S&M. Photo gets mine. Box 284.

## DIST. OF COLUMBIA

**WASHINGTON, DC AREA, M, 38, 5'11", 160 lbs, 10" w/ white, 6", runner/weightlifter.** Well-built, lean, muscular. Interested in similar w/ for erotic S&M, B&D. Box 215.

**WASHINGTON M, 5'11", 145 lbs., muscular, knowledgeable, tight-assed** slave seeks experienced, level-headed master. Reply ATS, P.O. Box 32261, Washington, DC 20007.

### NEED TO BE CONTROLLED?

S, 6'1, 185 lbs., I'm in pain slave any age with good body, firm butt. Masculine looks a must. Box 704.

**WASHINGTON, SM, Sag, 33, 5'7", 130 lbs., white, 10", knowledgeable,** very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with a dominant, unrepentant partner, 45-50. No fems, fats, long hair or body odor. Box 840.

**WASHINGTON, slave, Sag, 54, 5'6", 168 lbs., white, 6",** Relishes being subservient to decent, good-looking Master who is sincere and has a sense of humor. Prefer cut, under 36, no beards, red heads, or hairy bodies. Box 2275.

## FLORIDA

**LAKE WORTH, SM, Pices, 36, 6'11", 175 lbs., white, 8", old hand** can endure much in either role and wants a partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fems, amateurs. Box 1251.

## WANT THIRSTY HUNK MEN

For heavy WS, sweaty muscle licking, enemas, exhibitionism, mirrors, i/o; with this goodlooking nardsy, 5'10, 4'10", 160 lbs, blond hair, blue eyes. Studs can sweat me down and use me at both ends. Submissive will stay down, drink, and worship. Miami, Box 47.

**HIALEAH, SM, Pices, 32, 5'8", 165 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable,** experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well built, over 28, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fems, fats, long hairs. Box 9.

**COCOA BEACH, S, Capricorn, 69, 5'6", 155 lbs., white; knowledgeable,** open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

**SOUTHWEST FLORIDA, S, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., crewcut, construction worker,** into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cities, aroma, etc. Likes kinky scenes. Am muscular and hung. Need service from masculine, cool hungry, piss thirsty dudes. Limited travel. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.

**FT. LAUDERDALE, S, 43, 5'7", 165 lbs., 8" cut, big balls and big hands** looking for FF wide-scared for three-ways with would-be slave. No scat or heavy pain trips. Demanding but considerate. Box 258.

**TALLAHASSEE w/m, 24, 5'9", 165 lbs., wants to be trained to serve a master's needs.** L/L, uniforms, harnesses. Box 474.

### HAIRY MACHO MEN

If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough masters; write me and tell me what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming, Fr and Gr with Mr. Right. Box 59.

### MOTORCYCLE COPS

Muscular hairy stud, 6', 165 lbs., wants to correspond with motorcycle cops and other MEN into same. boot/buttocks, and enthusiastic into disciplined scene, need reply. Discretion assured. Box 111F.

## GEORGIA

**ATLANTA MS, Aquarius, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., white, good body, level head, experience.** Looking for men over 25 into B&D, suspension, ti workouts and similar action. Able to take charge, but prefer not to. Respect for limits assured, expansion by mutual consent. Box 10.

## HAWAII

**DEAR MASTER:** Though I am young (24, 5'7", 190 lbs.) and inexperienced, I am enthusiastic, submissive and eager to please you. Teach me your fantasy. A letter with picture will receive same. Box 006.

**HONOLULU, SM, 42, 6'4", slender, a hairy, 6" cut, toilet, willing to experience being bottom.** Very masculine, expect same, 18-35, white, hung, clean. No fats, freaks, scat. Box 254.

## IDAHO

### TRAVELING DOMINANT

S, 36, 5'11", 200 lbs., husky, 7" cut, looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for trustworthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage, am always horny. No fats, fems, WS, or guys who are not interested in possible vacation/ski buddies. Box 18.

## ILLINOIS

**Bearded, hairy, 22, 5'11", 190 lbs., 6" hair, white, 7" scrotum, master in good shape, prefer hairy, long T/A work, W/S, FF top, enjoy hard rimming, fucking bottom.** Box 002.

### BORN TO SERVE

Need to worship big, muscular body; know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, hairy, 5'8", 155 lbs., slender but muscular build. Prefer someone in their 30's, tall, at least 6'6", well-endowed, muscular, ruggedly handsome, hairy, chested if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Box 58.

**CHICAGO, Arles, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut.** Handsome body-builder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and administered by Yoda's failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 418.

**CHICAGO, W/m, 29, 6'2", 170 lbs., intelligent, prof., 6",** Cancer, seeks dominant hung, masculine, goodlooking men for long hot sex. No FF, scat or w/s. Into leather & levis, lock straps, etc. Box 602.

**BODYBUILDER MASTER,** submissive will succ. on your-cubes while you adjust his attitude and expand his conduct to properly earn the honor of further privileges, administered by Yoda's failure. Serious only. Photo with reply to Box 760.

**EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 46, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable,** turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually-booted sessions. Respects limits, no fats, fems, hard drugs. Box 17R25.

**SPRINGFIELD, S, 54, 5'8", 160 lbs., looking for slave, 21-50, white only.** Am experienced, respectful of limits; but can be either extremely sadistic or gentle, based on slaves' endurance. Must be clean. Box 382.

### WANTED: SLAVE

No week-ends, or overnights. For life of obedience and servitude. Age unimportant. Into all scenes except scat. Box 665F.

**CHICAGO, M, Arles, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable,** enthusiastic and willing to try almost anything with level-headed partner in good physical condition. No fems, fats. Box 196Z.

### BODYBUILDER

S, versatile, bumpy Capricorn into various scenes. Wants loving slave for admiration and sexual fulfillment. Rewards for good service. Am 6', 180 lbs., muscular, located in the St. Louis area (Alton, IL). Box 159M.

**EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 48, 5'11", 170 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable;** turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually-booted sessions. Master wears rubber boots for rubber slaves, leather boots for leather slaves. Limit respected, no drugs. Bar, 2423 Ridgeway Ave., Evanston, IL 60021.

**MASTER LOOKING FOR SLAVE** Who will take care of my home. Will be kept naked and shaved. Must be into light S&M, B&D, WS. Must like to be hit with a bike, 18-35 and under 6'. Will help relocate. Send photo with letter. Box 314.

## INDIANA

**INDIANAPOLIS, M, 24, 6', 190 lbs., 6", cut, into B&D, heavy S&M.** Will try anything at least once, but basic interest is in bondage and pain. Turns on to Blacks, hairy men, 21-40, no fats. Box 73.

**INDIANAPOLIS, M, 22, 5'11", 155 lbs., white, 7" scrotum, master for total dominance, I'm into humiliation, B&D, S&M, L/L, piss.** Leather boots, jackets and caps a real turn-on. Let me be slave serve you, Sir. P.O. Box 1401, Indianapolis, IN 46206.

**INDIANAPOLIS, S, 48, 6'3", 195 lbs., 6", uncut, seeks willing, obedient, submissive slave, masculine, slender, under 35, preferably uncut.** Am understanding but forceful. Box 1800.

## KENTUCKY

A full measure of pure pleasure. The tastes and smells you crave. P.O. Box 2077, Lexington KY 40594.

### MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

**Lexington, S, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs., experienced in all scenes.** All limits considered. Must have firm body and have your head on. If you are ready, write now. Box 986, Lexington, KY 40588.

## LOUISIANA

**NEW ORLEANS, SM (M preferred), 35, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 7", uncut, experienced in all play.** Seeking dominant top who knows how to use an ass and likes to do it. Visitors, groups most welcome. No fems or phones. Box 422.

**HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs., white, 7", novice.** Firm but gentle understanding of partners likes/dislikes. Seeks similar into role switching. No fems, drunks. Box 1302.

**MONROE, 33, white, 6', 175 lbs., seeks w/m, 25-40.** Am primarily M into father/son type discipline with bondage. Will assume S role for proper M/Box 332.

## MARYLAND

**BALTIMORE AREA, M, novice, 5'11", 180 lbs., 6" cut, seeks sincere, understanding, experienced and knowledgeable master to bring out ability to be obedient, obedient, and eager to learn.** Some U S travel. Box 128.

### MASSACHUSETTS

**Ex-Marine with fetish for spit-shined military shoes and Marine Corps uniforms** would like a letter/photo correspondence. Box 413.

**EXPERIENCED TOPMAN, 46, 5'9", 160 lbs., seeks L/L partners over 25.** Beards or moustaches a plus. Box 721.

**BOSTON, M, inexperienced, 5'10", 165 lbs., will make up in obedience what I lack in experience.** Can follow orders and would like to meet someone who has teaching ability, stays in firm control. No fats, especially no fems. Box 192.

**MASTER WANTS SLAVE** for sex and lover. No age limit, must be into S&M and willing to have limits expanded. Must be willing to relocate. Will name with relocation. Send photo, name and address to: David 22 Hancock St., Boston, MA 02114.



## MICHIGAN

**MASTER WANTED.** Slave, 42, 6'11", 150 lbs., 6% uncut, enjoys bondage, spanking, rimming and tit work. Have lots of toys and leather. Write Jim at 414 Lakeview Ave., Battle Creek, MI 49615.

**TAYLOR, M.** Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165 lbs., white, 6%, novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

**DETROIT** w/m, 34, 5'6", 135 lbs., good body, hairy and hung (especially thick needs hungry) deep throats and hot and wild receptive rears with good tight bodies to age 40. FF, bondage, toys and good times. No farts or fems. Here or there. Photo preferred. Box 351, Farmington, MI 48024.

**SOUTHFIELD.** 46, 6', 160 lbs., German S, muscular, 7% uncut; seeks novice who would be interested in exploring and growing; with limits respected. No drugs, farts, hairless body, tight physique a plus. Box 468.

**ANN ARBOR.** SM, 39, 5'7", 165 lbs., 6% cut, semi-muscular, seeks adaptable partner, under 45, who is sensual as well as horny, not afraid to give and take alive. Into lewd/leather. No pain, dirt, farts, or emotional problems. Box 204.

## MINNESOTA

**PERMANENT SLAVE WANTED.** Dominant Master, 36, Gemini, 6'11", 175 lbs., seeks permanent slave. Am experienced with well equipped game room. Am into Leather/Levi, FF, WS, B&D and S&M. Seeking young woman who is willing to serve on a permanent basis, and who will see show of affection not as a sign of weakness. No farts or fems, sincere only. Mike, 1613 19th Street South, Moorhead, MN 56560.

## TOILET FACE SITTING

**MINNETONKA.** SM, Taurus, 31, 5'11", 7% bearded bottom for kinky scat. I love leather and kinky scenes, looking for fild freak. Into shaving, light S&M, B&D, tit work. Can also go top. Write Al, Box 476, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

## MISSOURI

**S MONK SEKS DISCIPLE M** Leather master will instruct you using strict monastic obedience, humiliation, discipline, penance, poverty, labor, silence, cloister, devotion. You will learn sign language, have name changed, head shaved. If you pass the novitiate you will be professed as a monk. As Mortem. You cannot serve two masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss and do a pious meditation. Vocation to serve? Many with aspirations and photo. Many are called but only one is chosen. Box 363.

**ST. LOUIS.** SM, 43, 6', 160 lbs., 7% uncut, beard, novice, into either role. Looking for a very experienced, 21-45, prefer hairy chest and uncult. No farts, fems, or scat. Dig top role, into WS, cock worship. Box 64.

**ST. LOUIS.** S, Leo, 31, 5'9", 210 lbs., white, 6%, knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience; will punish any infractions with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be to late 40s. Box 245.

## HOW DO YOU SPELL HOT? D-R-U-M-B-E-A-T

**NOTICE**  
Personal ads in Drumbats may not include phone numbers.

DRUMMER 80

## NEBRASKA

**62** — Seek uncut studs with 10%—12% joints who like sleeping connected on permanent basis. J. Lawback, Malmo, NE 68040.

**OMAHA.** S, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., entering scene, looking for cleancut white M, 30, goodlooking, muscular, smooth body, masculine, and who enjoys being dominated. Prefer novice. Start with light B&D and grow together. I'm respectable and discreet, you must be same. Personal character important. No drugs, farts, fems or dirty need apply. Box 231.

## NEW JERSEY

**NORTHERN JERSEY.** W/m, 38, 6'2", 185 lbs., hairy, knowledgeable masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, farts, fems or phonies. Box 291.

**HIGHTSTOWN.** M, 32, 5'8", 160 lbs., 7% cut, blond hunk seeks being controlled. Prefer Master in tight leather. Seeks butch looking, cut, dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well. Box 201NJ.

## HE-MAN STUDS ONLY

Generous guy gives complete oral service. Lay back and relax. Very discreet and safe for marrieds. Note with photo. P.O. Box 342, Pine Brook, NJ 07068.

**JERSEY CITY.** M, Libra, 34, 6', 163 lbs., white, 6%+, novice. Have enjoyed light leather bondage and spanking with presadole. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use me and let his friends use me, too. I'll be a real presadole. Master and his slave. Can get into Manhattan easily. Box 101NJ.

**SLAVE CRAIG.** Cherry Hill, NJ. Serious masochist wanting a Master. Call me to clear the air. Master ROS (215) 352-7927.

## NEW YORK

### VERY STRICT

**NYC.** Leather Master, 30, 6', 170 lbs., 7% cut, mustache, seeks real slave. You will live in full, firm discipline. My satisfaction is very difficult to attain. I'm willing to accept well-trained slave or to train a novice. Attitude is all important. Write groveling letter begging for interview. I will prepare for the total security of total surrender. Box 255.

**MS.** 38, 5'10", 150 lbs., 6%+ cut, into anal sex. FF, into a reciprocal slave. Prefer Officers. 30-45, trim. Am level headed and adventurous. Prefer slightly dominant partner. Box 63.

### SUPER HEAVY S&M

Way out and wild S&M given to hot young slave by FF, well-equipped Master. Real m's send photo, age, experience to: Box 12-R, c/o Room 603, 147 West 42nd St., New York, NY 10036.

### SLAVE APPLICANTS

Must be happy to write to a 6', 190 lbs., late thirties, gentle, non-leather, caring, experienced, easy to please but expert at rewarding type. Must be eager to serve without limitations in this category, must be in NY for reasonable time, not necessarily permanent. Box 450.

**NYC.** hot-looking w/m, 35, seeks together man under 40 who like balls worked over. Have interesting toys for our enjoyment. Limits respected but hopefully expanded. Box 003.

**NYC.** M, 28, 6', 155 lbs., goodlooking, blond, looking for goodlooking MASTER. S&M, B&D, light S&M, toys, farts, enemas, spanking, etc. NO SCAT. Photo, phone. Also travel LA. Box 005.

**GRAPPLING MAKES ME HOT!** You? Whether you're a hard little punk or a big overmuscled Adonis or in between, let's tangle. I can win, though will win and use it in feet, armpits, etc. as he pleases. This big guy travels so get out of my iron claws and kick my ass if you can. Positively will answer letters with photo. Karl, P.O. Box 1198, New York City 10028.

### SEX-AGNARIAN!

Libra, M, 6'3", 170 lbs., mid-60s, white-haired, blue-eyed man of distinction type, would serve muscular men, and make an age or race, who enjoys imaginative games with older man. Will do almost anything for right partner. Box 290X.

### MY CABIN IN THE WOODS

or your pad, whichever you prefer. 37, 6'2", 160 lbs., 5%+ cut, and master to the nether. I mean, rugged studs who like to be worshipped in their leathers. Flicks, booze, poppers, cocks, dirty talk, and the like are part of my turn on. I want to learn about w/s, B&D, enemas, fantasies and kinky scenes from big-cooked masters. No farts or fems. Will try to get into 48 with my tender white ass awaits your pleasure. Will answer all. Box 95.

**GREENWICH VILLAGE.** S, Taurus, 46, 5'9", 172 lbs., 6% uncut, hairy, experienced, trustworthy, imaginative master seeks serious macho slave. Will try to get into 48 with a reasonable endurance, into S&M, presadole bondage, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, experienced. No farts, fems, and/or appropriately submissive reply. Box 185R.

Foreskin, long and thick, suitable for chewing and stretching. 49, 190 lbs., trim beard. Box 90.

**TATTOOED & PIERCED.** 43, 6'3", 165 lbs., interested in open, masculine w/m, 30-50, not heavily into booze or drugs. Box 452.

**NYC.** hot, mid-30's, wants to smell and lick your hot unwashed, funky body, sweaty underarms, feet, asshole, nose, drink your piss. Get serviced the way you've dreamed of. Box 712, New York, NY 10011.

**SADIST.** 35, seeks masochist/tl slave into pain, cock, balls and tit torture, humiliation, bondage, piss, discipline, verbal and other abuse. If your ONLY need is to serve your Master, write with telephone, address and a description of your qualifications. Photo appreciated. Submission. Box 379, NY 10008.

**BROOKLYN.** M, Aquarius, 33, 6', 170 lbs., white/Cherokee Indian, 7% uncut, knowledgeable. Smooth bodybuilder, talented, tight ass slave needs domineering Master to 40 lbs. Photo into B&D. No role-switching, scat, shaving. Box 112.

**NEW YORK.** Arvan, 47, 5'8", 172 lbs., Taurus cup, into motorcycles, boots, police uniforms, tattoos and S&M; interested in corresponding with stocky cigar smoking macho man, 40 plus. Box 625.

**BUFFALO.** w/m, 27, 5'9", 185 lbs., 7% uncut, SM, Aquarius, seeks knowledgeable master into L/L, who is respectful of limits. Am into S&M, B&D, etc. Master in tight leather, tall polished boots and into bikes are sure turn on. Are you ready to train me! Send photo and phone for prompt reply. Box 404BY.

**NYC FOOT SLAVE.** 26, 6'11", 180 lbs., br/br, very attractive, masculine and friendly. G A/P, F A/P, wishes to meet together, large-footed foot master to explore ultimate depths of foot service, scenes, fantasies, feelings, intimacy and beyond. Please write Box 304, 201 Varick St., New York, NY 10014.

**NEW YORK.** M, Aquarius, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7% cut, goodlooking, cleancut novice seeks macho, good-looking, dominant partners. Likes verbal abuse, humiliation, and WS from masculine, cleancut top man, 25-50. No hard S&M or stuff. 7% cut, hard and boots a turn-on. Box 220K.

**QUEENS.** NYC, mature M, Scorpio, bottom, 40, 5'7", 165 lbs., hairy body, bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy titwork, FF, WS, scat. Jack straps, hairy bodies, black beads, stocky builds turn me on. No role switching or skinny blondes. Box 306.

**BUFFALO.** w/m, 42, 6'11", 174 lbs., uniforms, leather, levis. Novice, but wants to learn. Will answer all. travel. Box 715.

### GET CLEANED OUT

Guy, 35, looking for hot round asses needing hot scapy enemas followed by some rough, Greek, stuff. Write: T. Gato, 147 W. 42nd St., Room 603, NYC 10036.

### SILICONE

Masculine, hot man interested in connecting with silicone men. Don't write if you haven't had it done. Exotic men, ideas, photos. Can travel. Box 405F.

**Bosman.** white, 42, 5'7", 145 lbs., very fit, rugged, good looking, hairy tattooed, bearded, bright, imaginative, wears leather, levis, boots, likes it rough, raunchy, laid back, looking for some man to fuck with. RCS, Box 1064, New York, NY 10022.

**MANHATTAN.** Black man, 50, seeks white, non-fat slave who uses his submissive head for thinking, sucking cock, drinking my piss, wanting his tits tortured, enjoying his mouth used for sucking and performing total oral service for my black cock regularly. A guy who gives me his greatest asset, his head, in service, allegiance, love and communion. Box 10.

W/m, tall, attractive, 30s, mustache, uncut, looking for hot sex, WS, FF (top), verbal, whatever. Box 489.

**NYC.** S, Taurus, 49, 6', 170 lbs., w/m, 30, novice, demands cock, hairy, dark hair, levi, black or white. Must have large cock and desire to display and PLAY. Box 153P.

**BONDAGE — SUSPENSION**  
W/M, goodlooking, 33, into making fantasies a reality in a well-equipped game room. Bound together, suspended by ropes and performing total oral service for my black cock regularly. A guy who gives me his greatest asset, his head, in service, allegiance, love and communion. Box 10.

**NYC.** S, Taurus, 49, 6', 170 lbs., w/m, 30, novice, demands cock, hairy, dark hair, levi, black or white. Must have large cock and desire to display and PLAY. Box 153P.



REAR FRENCHMEN OF AMERICA  
The Nationwide/International organization for men into rear French. Send name, age to: RFA, Box 537, New York, NY 10011.

#### INTERCHANGE

For Men of Leather. For information, write: Box 410, 132 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011.

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A private contact club. \$1 flushes an appreciation, \$3 flushes a tissue sample, \$8 flushes the Roll with or without your listing. Write: John Hole, 433 Douglas St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

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The California laws now read that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers: the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad is the address used by state law. Most firms will still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

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Fun, funky, freak equipment for practical applications and discipline. Full line of other assorted-toys. Catalogue: \$1. Art Hamilton, 315 West 4th St., New York, NY 10014.

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##### HOT SF LEATHERMASTER

Trainee slave. Live your S&M B&D fantasies. Call for rates, etc. Jim (415) 648-5276.

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Mr. Nude Apollo needs to dig spurs into something hard. Photo sets (boots, leather, etc.) and leather \$5. Can travel. Dick (415) 444-5551. Suite 606-F7, Chicago, IL 60601.

#### SERVICES

Goodlooking, 5'4", 130 lbs., trim black beard, short hair, 26 years old, no hair cutting. \$16. Pace (212) 243-1786. Write: 30 Perry St., 1-F, New York, NY 10014.

#### EMPLOYMENT

EARN EXTRA MONEY AT HOME No experience necessary. Details, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Gary Klay, P.O. Box 951, LaMesa, CA 92041.

#### AUSTRALIA

SOUTH AUSTRALIA. M, 46, 180 lbs., 7'1" uncult, muscular, obedient. May I serve you? Box 720.

MELBOURNE, M, 42, 6'3", 190 lbs., 7'1" uncult, muscular, 25-45, huge, macho, well built. Am willing to experiment, but my limits should be respected. Box 268.

#### BRAZIL

S/M, 30 years old, searching for guys with same interests. Write to: P.O. Box 16216, Rio de Janeiro, C.E.P. 20.000.

#### FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct address and use airmail postage. Current rates are 31c per 1/2 ounce. Letters without correct postage will be returned.

#### CANADA

Warlockslave, skinhead, seeks body slaves. Truckers serviced. P.O. Box 3072, Vancouver, Canada V6B 3X6.

I am young, My body is very hard. I am hot, moist, and still. Please write. Culver, Box 324.

S/M, w/m, 32, 5'11", 160 lbs., dark hair & eyes, moustache, Good bod. Seeks other macho jocks and b/b for man to man action. Into tit play, sweat, w/s, Gr & Fr, w/s, groups and 3-ways. Photo a must or no reply. Box 004.

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MONTREAL FULL-LEATHER S, 34, 6', looks for experienced M into long sessions of heavy pain, bondage, strict obedience, full respect and service. Said M will get any or all gear: crop, sore tits, and ass, piercing, catheters, shaving, public humiliation, etc. S will train willing novice and respect limits. Only those applicants will be answered. Box 123.

ONTARIO, 26, 140 lbs., 5'8", 6" cut, semi-cult, muscular, looks for muscular, or well built masculine men under 40, well-hung, white or Black. Have real desire to serve, have my asshole used. Box 473.

S, 45, 5'11", 150 lbs., slender, blonde, hairy, 8" cut, stern disciplinarian, but considerate and respects limits. Seeks 1/2 muscular, under 5'10" prefer uncult, should be adventurous and willing to learn with the assistance of my personal slave. No fags. A fems, scap. Applicants should be willing to experiment with mild S&M, B&D, W/S, and toys. Box 238.

#### ENGLAND

LONDON, Leather guy, 6'2", 170 lbs., W, 7", very active, strictly top, wants to meet groovy, muscular slaves who know how to serve a real master. Am into most scenes. Enjoy man-to-man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees. Send a photo and I will send mine. If you are a real slave, I can guarantee you the real thing. Letters with photos answered first. Box 665B.

MIDDLESEX, 37, 5'10", 145 lbs., cut, medium build, short hair, masculine, seeks same, over 30, imaginative, into leather/uniforms or levis, hung. Am into good S&M, bondage, fisting, whipping, dildos. Box 383.

OXFORD. Knowledgeable M, 37, 5'10", 160 lbs., into leather, rubber, denim. Has a good tongue ready to please a master. Box 723.

LONDON AND YORKSHIRE. S, 5'9 1/2", 50, 180 lbs., would like to meet visitors to Britain. Very experienced master. Box 557.

LONDON, M, 40, 5'9", 150 lbs., 5 1/2" uncult, into W/S, leather, rubber, combat gear, seeks dominant to 45, strict, but respectful of limits. Box 630.

#### LONDON BEGINNER

W/m, 32, 6", 165 lbs., looking for master to train and discipline. Write to try almost anything. Box 716.

SM, 45, 5'11", 6" cut; imaginative, wide range of interests, willingness. Box 359.

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#### LUXEMBOURG

Novice needs training. W/m, 33, 163 cm., 110 lbs., muscular, no moustache, country life. Box 629.

#### SWEDEN

MALMO, S, 41, 6'1", 70 kg., 7 1/2" uncult, hard and demanding top seeks slaves who want to be completely controlled. No games, the real thing, only. No fags, fems, limitations. Box 477.

#### MUST BE REALLY MALE

M, 30, can assume either role; interested in a real man. Tends to be passive. Into levis, leather, cowboybo. Into sex toys. Can travel. Willing to correspond with other Masters and slaves. Box 228M.

STOCKHOLM BEGINNER wants masculine trainer. Am 23, 5'10", blond, 200 lbs., 6" uncult. Box 556.

#### SWITZERLAND

GENEVA, Bottom, 36, Fr, act, Gr, pass, tall, slim, accommodations (sex, food and breakfast) for top men on the way through. Andreas Buhlmann, telephone in advance. (022) 31-91-76.

#### BODYBUILDER

Leather stud, 27, into heavy chests and big pecs, muscular asses; would like to see photos of American bodybuilders into leather straps, locks and heavy work. Andreas Buhlmann, Nordstrasse 59, 8006 Zurich CH, Switzerland.

#### WEST GERMANY

KAISERSLAUTERN. W/M 30, 5'11", 160 lbs., American, living Europe. Interested in leather, bondage, bikes, UNIFORMS. Versatile either role, anxious to get it on with others. No fags, fems, or limitations. Others. Cops and Allied/Nato military especially welcome. Don't worry; I'm discreet and expect you to be. Box 396.

#### WEST GERMANY

Dutch guy, 30, blonde, 6'2", hairy, long legs, into leather to the States in April and September, wants to meet and correspond with Black Master. Into licking, sucking, w/s, getting fucked, etc. Box 106.

COLOGNE, SM, 45, 6", white, 7" uncult, into either role, experienced and concising, masculine, slender and muscular. Tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent, masculine, wear leather, nature. Should be my age or younger, not fat, no fags. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 112.

GERMAN SM, 34, 6'2", uncult, experienced, wants to meet men on both coats into leather, levis, toys and games. No hangups about age, race or endowment. Also want to share slaves with Masters, use and abuse them. Also interested in exchanging ideas, etc. Write with details and photo. Box 134.

#### WEST GERMANY

German, S, 42, 5'6", 140 lbs., masculine, big, hung and uncult, seeks active, masculine slaves, 18-50, into S&M, humiliation and far-out, kinky sex. Visit USA twice a year. Gernero, should be my age or younger, not fat, no fags. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 206.

MUNICH, SM, 37, 189 cm., 83 kg., 15 cm uncult, muscular; looking for men with beards or moustache, in leather or uniform, over 30, who are masculine, able to command, take commands. No fags, fems, uncult. Box 270.



## LATE ARRIVALS

### COWBOY MASTER

W/m, 24, 170 lbs., looking for slaves into heavy B&D, WS, C/B, boot worship or anything else I order. Application with photo will be considered. Box A17.

### SLAVE INFORMATION

W/m, 42, 6' 160 lbs., novice, seeks correspondence with experienced slaves. Needs to know how they please their Masters, type of relationship, training experiences, sex and unusual requirements. John, 625 Post St., No. 594, San Francisco, CA 94109.

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**BLACK MASTER, 6'3", 195 lbs., 9" meat, vacationing in California the month of September. Looking for obedient slave for C&B, T/T, FF, shaving, candles, chains, w/f, bondage, humiliation, p/p, and more. Pigs, dogs, other animals, submit detailed application with photo. Box 707.**

**NEW YORK CITY, Sadist, ex-military, 29, butch, bodybuilder, seeks hot well-built torture animals for heavy pain, physical abuse, total toilet and body service. Box A18.**

W/m, smooth, in search of firm hand, guidance and training from mature, hirsute, serious Master, willing to consider inexperienced, unfulfilled but needful 31-year-old. My Master commands respect from his person, not his brutality. Bay Area only. Box A19.

### OLDER MASTER WANTED

W/m, 26, seeks older, hairy-chested, sadistic Master. Jim, Box 4509, San Francisco, CA 94101.

### TOTAL MASTER

Bodybuilder, 37, 6', handsome, into everything, wants total slave who knows his only place in life is to serve me. You'll be shaved, kept naked, and cared for. No limits. No excuses. Photo. Box A23.

### TOPMAN WANTED

Master wanted to expand my limits. Slave is mid-30s, 5'6", 138, with mustache and ringed tits. Need master to supervise program to flatten my stomach, to alternate discipline and pain with affection. Box 712, New York, NY 10011.

### SLAVE OFFERED

Danish master seeks Master to look after his slave visiting New York for 2 weeks in mid-November. The slave is 6', slim, 42, bearded, well hung, pierced and can take anything: FF, C/B, WS, etc. The master must have a strong personality and rich fantasy. The few limits must be respected (I just want him back in one piece). Reply with photo to: P. Westergaard, 12 Bakkedraet, 3460 Birkerød, Denmark.

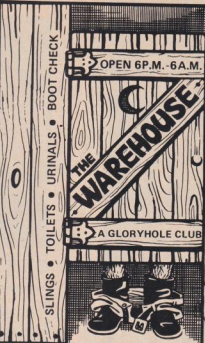
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